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A Literary Supplement will appear gratis with the SATURDAY REVIEW next week, 17 November.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The appointment of Mr. Gerald Balfour to the Board of Trade is not one of Lord Salisbury's happy strokes, and has met with almost universal disapproval. We are not referring to anything Mr. Balfour did or left undone at the Irish Office; popularity is not a criterion of merit; but the large shipping and mercantile community are entitled to have a President of the Board of Trade who knows something of business, if only as a man of the world. While appreciating Mr. Gerald Balfour's many intellectual accomplishments, and his high moral purpose, it would be difficult to find a man who knows less about the subjects which he will have to deal with at the Board of Trade. It is a little too much that the commerce of a country like Great Britain should be handed over to an academic amateur.

The other appointments are excellent, except that some feeling has been aroused by the substitution of Mr. Arnold-Forster for Mr. Macartney as Secretary to the Admiralty. Mr. Arnold-Forster has an infinite capacity for taking pains, and he is one of the very rare instances of journalistic and literary industry being rewarded with office. If Mr. Arnold-Forster wishes to succeed as a minister, he must at all events pretend to believe that there are a few persons besides himself who know something. But though Mr. Arnold-Forster's promotion is deserved, there is a feeling that he might have been provided for by Mr. Gerald Balfour's retirement, and that Mr. Macartney, who did his work well, is rather hardly dealt with. Everybody is pleased by Lord Cranborne's appointment as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The Prime Minister's eldest son has solid ability, and that rarest and most popular virtue, modesty.

The most important of the changes is of course the appointment of Mr. George Wyndham to be Chief Secretary for Ireland. Mr. Wyndham is descended on his mother's side from Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and he understands Irishmen thoroughly. We feel sure that nothing will ruffle his fine temper, or disturb his finished courtesy in dealing with opponents, and we therefore anticipate that he will be a success. Mr. Long will do very well at the Local Government Board, where he succeeds Mr. Chaplin, and where all that is wanted is ordinary industry plus a little, a very little

knowledge of municipal politics. The Financial Secretary to the Treasury is an important person, for he has to arrange the order-paper each day, and the fate of bills largely depends on him. Mr. Hanbury ceases to hold this office, and we suppose he will be made Postmaster-General. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who succeeds him, will do the work very well, for he is alert and polite. Lord Stanley has done so well as a Whip (officially a junior lord of the Treasury) and as military secretary to Lord Roberts that he has been made Financial Secretary to the War Office, where he will serve as a connecting link between the new War Secretary and the new Commander-in-Chief, a great opportunity for a young man.

Little has been heard during the past week of De Wet. The belief is general that measures are being taken by Lord Roberts which should result in his capture. Apparently the fighting at Bothaville reported yesterday was the result of these measures. The Boers were surprised and after a stubborn resistance were routed with a loss of over 150 men in killed wounded and prisoners, and seven guns. The loss on the side of the British was also heavy, three officers and eight men being killed. In other directions the British forces have been active. General Kitchener, who is commanding at Lydenburg, surprised a Boer laager at Steepkampsberg on the 2nd. Owing, however, to the difficult nature of the country, he was unable to follow the Boers, who trekked northwards. A well-conceived night march by General Smith Dorrien met with no better success. The laager in the very neighbourhood of Belfast was reached at daybreak, and the Boers taken completely by surprise. But the severity of the weather prevented the success being followed up. Minor operations have been reported by Generals Barton, Rundle, Kelly-Kenny, and Paget. From Kimberley comes the unofficial and, if true, none too creditable story, creditable, that is, to the British, of the capture of a store train by a few Boers.

The date of Lord Roberts' return has not yet been settled, and for some unavowed reason the press censor has forbidden the publication of reports as to his movements. It has been decided that Lord Kitchener will take over the command when Lord Roberts leaves. In the future, therefore, we are not likely to hear complaints of undue leniency. The part which Mr. Steyn is playing is extremely reprehensible. The burghers are growing disheartened, and their food is becoming scarce. But the ex-president buoys them up with accounts of imaginary successes, and holds out delusive hopes of European intervention. Stories of the death of Lord Kitchener and Sir Redvers Buller have been freely propagated. Both British and Boers, indeed, are becoming heartily sick of the whole

business; and it must be tantalising for those regiments which have been in South Africa since the early days of the war to watch the departure of the auxiliaries. Lord Roberts' appeal to the friends of the returning forces not to degrade men whom he describes as "comrades" by undue treating, will not, it is profoundly to be hoped, fall on unheeding ears.

Military operations in China, except in one particular, are as confused and seemingly purposeless, so far as any general plan can be discovered, as the attempts at negotiation with the Chinese Government, which apparently is not a whit nearer to being brought to terms by the Powers than it has been at any time since the Peking relief. The one exception is the military expedition organised by Count von Waldersee to occupy the passes on the road to Tai-yuen-fu with the object of stopping the supplies from the north to the Court at Si-ngan, or wherever it may happen to be in that region. An operation of this kind combined with the blockading of the waterways in the Yangtze Valley is a practical measure, as we have before pointed out, by which force can be brought to bear on the Chinese Court. A similar step taken in the south, cutting off supplies sent up the Han River, a tributary of the Yangtze which joins it at Han-Kau, would do for Si-ngan what was accomplished as regards Peking in 1842 by Admiral Parker's blockade of the entrance of the Grand Canal opposite Chinkiang, and during the hostilities between France and China. Apparently it is with the object of cutting off the Imperial Court's supplies from the coast that the International Expedition has been sent to and is now near the crossing of the Grand Canal and the Hoang-Ho. Still the cordon remains incomplete until the waterways on the Yangtze Valley are blockaded.

Meetings of the Ministers are reported and they are said to be making "considerable progress" in formulating their demands on the Chinese. But whatever may be the result there still remains the further stage of dealing with negotiators about whose real powers there is always doubt, and who might be repudiated at any moment by the Court. All the reports of executions and suicides of implicated officials are now known to be false and the only executions are those of the Pao-ting-fu officials by the Powers. Russia's reply to the Anglo-German note accepts it in an offhand casual manner on the ground that it does not change essentially from the Russian point of view the position of affairs in China; and remarks on the third clause that in case of violation of the fundamental principle of the agreement by any other Power, she would modify her attitude; which is just a reproduction of the third clause which was supposed to be aimed at her. A supposed separate agreement between Russia, France, Japan and the United States by way of counterpoise to the Anglo-German Agreement was referred to on Wednesday last in a letter of the "Daily Express" correspondent in St. Petersburg. This story was capped the next day by another to the effect that General Linevitch had "annexed by right of conquest" certain lands opposite the British and German settlements at Tien-tsin.

Sir Thomas Sutherland and the North China Association are not at all depressed on account of China. They believe we shall be able to maintain our position there in the future, as we have done in the past. Even during the last twelve months, though trade had received a check in North China, the export trade had seldom been larger. In regard to the Anglo-German Agreement Sir Thomas Sutherland said he would have preferred that it had been made before the present difficulties. At what particular point of time he does not specify. The "Daily News" accepts this as a severe criticism of Lord Salisbury's policy. But how were treaties to be made with Russia and Germany, while these Powers were hunting for exclusive privileges in Manchuria and Shantung? Not until events had driven the Powers into the necessity of taking common action, as they were by the events in Peking, did the occasion arise for obtaining the agreement of désintéressement. Till then the alternative was war; and that raises quite another point as to Lord Salisbury's policy; but it is not the point the "Daily News" takes.

A remarkable Liberal Imperial success sums up the result of the Canadian elections. Liberals have won, whether thick and thin supporters of Sir Wilfrid Laurier or whether they share the opportunism of Mr. Tarte. Sir Charles Tupper's defeat is both a surprise and a cause for regret. If it was not possible wholly to sympathise with the attitude he adopted on the eve of the elections, it must be remembered that he has rendered Canada considerable service, and that he should be thus ignominiously ejected from Parliament is almost inexplicable. Sir Charles Tupper erred, if he erred at all, in his uncompromising espousal of Dominion interests. When he urged that Canada should not have given the Mother Country preference till the Mother Country was prepared to reciprocate, he adopted the standpoint of Disraeli when he said that self-government should only have been conferred on the colonies under more businesslike conditions from the Imperial point of view. Canada no longer takes the National line favoured by Sir John Macdonald; even "Old To-morrow's" son, Mr. Hugh John Macdonald, has been rejected. To speak of the election as a great Imperialist victory is a little absurd. To be the reverse, it was necessary that Sir Wilfrid Laurier as well as Sir Charles Tupper should be defeated.

If it be true that Mr. Bryan has stated that he would retire finally from the effort to win the Presidency should he be defeated, he may now, as many politicians have done before him, begin to consider a programme that will give him a better chance next time. But he will certainly start again under disadvantages, as Nebraska, his own state, returns a Republican Legislature and he is therefore not likely to be elected to the Senate. We may not learn this week exactly what the figures are. At present they show that Mr. McKinley has carried 29 States and Mr. Bryan 16; and the Electoral College is now made up of 292 votes for Mr. McKinley as against 155 for Mr. Bryan. Mr. McKinley's position will be strengthened by the increased Republican majorities in the State Legislatures, which ensure an increased majority in the Senate as a consequence. While this is the result, it would appear that Mr. Bryan's defeat is by no means evidence of the utter collapse of his party. In many cases where the Republicans retain their hold their majorities have been reduced and the Democrats have been beaten by narrow majorities in others. This is especially evident in the New England States and there has been no corresponding Republican gains in the South.

The last year of the century will be remarkable as the year of elections. In America the Presidential election, in England and Canada general elections mark the year. In each case there is a striking similarity, for the electors have returned the outgoing Ministry to the management of their national affairs, contrary to the political tradition of the "swing of the pendulum" which experience has established in democratic Governments at all times and all the world over. Is it that democracy has acquired a new character of greater stability and less capriciousness? The ignorant and superficial person will doubtless say it is. But the real explanation is that in England, Canada, and America there was a particular counter-acting force which overpowered the general action of the pendulum for the occasion. In England it was Imperialism; in America it was the sensitiveness of wealth, which had been stimulated to extraordinary energy by the fear of new ideas as to distribution or confiscation; in Canada, where both parties are Imperialist, it was the personality of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. We believe this factor will operate as long as Sir Wilfrid leads the Liberal party.

Lord Curzon's present tour in Western India promises to be of more than usual interest. He is traversing a region which is out of the ordinary beat of Viceroys, who are wont to follow very much the same lines as the winter tourist with good introductions. It is a region still slowly emerging from a famine, conspicuous not so much for its intensity as for the extraordinary thoroughness and success of the

relief operations in British territory and the efforts to secure some corresponding results in the Native States, which were equally involved. The famine has been complicated by plague and by cholera of unusual virulence. In addition to her domestic troubles India has been called on to assist in two foreign wars in distant parts of the globe, and the call has excited an outburst of eager loyalty among her chiefs and people. There is here fine matter for Darbar speeches, which Lord Curzon may be trusted fully to utilise.

The tour has been modified by a sportsmanlike renunciation on the Viceroy's part. He has abandoned that part of it which included a hunt in the Gir forest after a half-dozen lions which are now the sole survivors of a race, once as numerous in India as in Africa. There are few instances of extinction more remarkable than the rapid and complete disappearance of the lion which not long ago overran most of India. There are probably men alive still who have seen or slain scores of them. It is not forty years since the last lion was killed in Upper India. The arid deserts of Kathiawar were probably at all times their chief stronghold and in those parts a doomed remnant still lingers by virtue of careful preservation. The Viceroy has gracefully decided to leave them undisturbed and thus set an example which will add years to the existence of the race.

The slack season of the Indian Government is marked by the recrudescence of the old question of conflicts between natives and small shooting parties of British soldiers. The usual strong committee of civil and military officers has been appointed again to settle it once for all. It is safe to predict that it will survive to provide a little holiday at Simla for many generations of deserving officials. No principle is involved that has not been long ago admitted. Soldiers must be permitted, indeed encouraged, in this useful and healthy relaxation. Natives must be protected against violence or outrages on their religion and domestic habits. The rules and restrictions to secure these ends are voluminous and many of them admirable. But till some important change in human nature occurs it is likely that collisions will happen and committees continue to provide regulations to avert them. After all is said and done the private soldier and Ram Buksh seem to be fairly evenly matched and will go on settling matters in their own way, though it is neither a wise nor a good one. It will improve when the people concerned become wiser and better.

The French Chambers met on Tuesday for the Autumn session and the first moves were made in a Parliamentary contest, in which issues are raised very important both for the Ministry and for France. We discussed last week the two main proposals which M. Waldeck-Rousseau at Toulouse laid down as intended by the Government, those as to associations aimed at the religious orders and as to education, which forms another branch of the attack on the Church. The discussion of Tuesday on the interpellations made as to the general policy of the Government did not develop the situation more than it was defined when M. Waldeck-Rousseau made his Toulouse speech. None of the attacks which await the Bills on these and other subjects were more than intimated and in fact almost all the speeches on Tuesday were made by supporters of the Government, and those of the Socialists formed a curiously predominant feature of the proceedings. The result of the debate on Thursday was the voting of an Order of the Day expressing general confidence in the Government as regards the maintenance of the Republic. But this vote was only taken after specific censures against M. Millerand's speech at Lens and the extradition of Sipido.

If we like to call it so, there is much in the ministerial programme which may be termed Socialistic and will be supported by Socialists, but may be either supported or opposed by other sections of Republicans radical or moderate. There is a proposal for an income-tax, for an old-age-pension scheme, for the introduction of a system of arbitration in strikes, the idea of which

is to permit the introduction into contracts between employers and employed of a clause of arbitration, which could be made compulsory in the case of a strike. These will be taken as soon as the Budget has been voted, the Pension Bill taking first place; and to them must be added the dangerous Education of State Functionaries Bill and a Courts-martial Bill. On none of them is there anything specific disclosed. The ultimate form in which the new Budget will be presented is not very favourable to the Ministry. A balance of some £9,000 of revenue over expenditure is not a strong financial position. Under many heads of revenue the estimates have fallen short by nearly a million pounds. It is only by a series of economies and reductions that the above-mentioned small surplus of £9,000 has been produced. One item of increased expenditure is on account of the pension fund—a sum of £145,000. If this is for the old-age pensions to be established by M. Waldeck-Rousseau, it must be that he has adopted the glorious proposal of the "Spectator" to begin by fixing the age of pensioners at seventy-five!

The candidates for the forthcoming School Board election in London were duly nominated last Wednesday, and a study of their various descriptions is distinctly amusing. Many do not even state their occupation at all, though that is the only description required, but just single out some one fact about themselves, by which they apparently wish to be known. One person describes himself as a J.P., another as an M.A., a third as a "minister," while several avail themselves of the old euphemism "gentleman," which we trust does not merely signify that they do no work. Amongst those who do state their occupations are several clergymen, some Nonconformist ministers, several barristers, solicitors, happily only one "author," and far too many journalists. On the whole the personnel of the new Board seems likely to be neither better nor worse than that of the old. There is one good sign. The candidates do not seem to be without some knowledge of themselves, for not one of them describes himself as an educationist.

Mr. James Mansbergh, the New President of the Institute of Civil Engineers, in his address on water engineering raised a point which must often have occurred to the non-scientific reader. Speaking of the anxiety shown to remove from water all micro-organisms, he doubted whether a filtration system could be judged by the success with which it removed all bacteria, irrespective of their harmful or harmless nature. He was bound to say he had some slight misgivings. We are still groping in the dark as to the work of these organisms and it might be wiser to assume that when they are not harmful, they are perhaps beneficial. And even as to pathogenic organisms, though he spoke of them in the language of the majority of scientific men he added that their opinions were now the subject of acute criticism by some physiologists and pathologists, who regarded the whole theory of disease-producing germs as a scientific chimera. On the more everyday subject of the management of water supply by public bodies, he said that in fourteen out of fifteen important cities in the United Kingdom, Europe, America and Australia, it was managed rightly by their municipalities, and in one only, London, it was wrong. The public authority should be empowered to acquire any water undertaking, if it was willing to pay the price settled by a competent arbitrator. In ninety-nine out of a hundred ordinary arbitration cases the active and dormant value of an investment would be allowed, and if this were secured in regard to water shares, he thought it was high time that the false and pedantic sentiment which stood in the way of transfer should be allowed to die out.

The discoveries of the explorers in Egypt, as in Crete, are telling all on the side of the credulous against the sceptical. The house of Minos has been established on something like an historic basis, and now, Professor Flinders Petrie told us on Wednesday last, Mena, the first king of united Egypt, who had been relegated by the knowing ones to the realm of myth under the various names of Mena, Minos, Manu, "comes before us as real

and as familiarly as the kings of the thirtieth dynasty or of Saxon England." Professor Petrie's diorama of successive Egyptian civilisations, hitherto hardly dreamt of in our histories, should read a lesson in humility to the clever people who would erase from history's page everything whose existence could not be proved to their own particular satisfaction. The lifting of the veil by the explorers is showing us day by day that we have all along been inclined to believe too little, not too much. It should give pause to our scepticism of traditions which cannot be established, for the facts which have now been brought to light would have been facts none the less, though they had never been proved.

The racing world is much exercised just now by the question of the legitimacy of certain American jockeys' methods of riding. Indeed the general "purity of the Turf" is a question that at the moment is "burning," we should hesitate to say, more brightly, but more fiercely than usual. The constitution and working of the Jockey Club concern more than the inner circles of racing men, and we regret that Mr. James Lowther should have been moved to write a letter to the "Times" questioning Lord Durham's services to the cause of racing reform. We think Mr. Lowther's suggestions and insinuations unworthy of him. Let anyone study the agenda of the Jockey Club as reported in the books of races and he cannot but see that Lord Durham during his period of office took action more frequently and more vigorously than has any steward of the Jockey Club for many years past. And there is reason to believe that he would have done even more, had he been better supported by his colleagues.

We strongly deprecate the unworthy inferences that have been drawn by some disappointed speculators from the speech of Lord Harris to the shareholders of the Consolidated Goldfields Company on Tuesday last. This company depends wholly for its revenue on its large interests in the mining industry of the Transvaal. The sixteen thousand shareholders on the register have been fully aware for many months past that no mines are being worked and consequently did not anticipate that their chairman would have any cheerful news to impart. Others however appear to have expected a speech calculated to produce a rise in the shares of the Company and because Lord Harris made a plain and careful statement setting forth the Company's affairs as they are, it is imputed to him that he had some sinister object to serve in producing a fall in the price of the shares. Lord Harris is a little new to his business and has happily not grasped that it is oftentimes considered correct policy to play up to the Share Market rather than to tell the truth to those who hold the shares.

The event of the week in the City has been the effect produced on American rails by the success of Mr. McKinley. On Tuesday hopeful expectation was somewhat damped by nervous operators who, on the principle that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, were so eager to realise their profits that a fall of a dollar and a half in all classes of American shares was the result. On Wednesday morning when all doubt concerning the result of the election was removed prices rose by leaps and bounds, the largest measure of support being for American account. The British public have so far shown little inclination to take part in the budding boom which doubtless explains the quieter tone of the market during the past two days. Still the firm tendency has been altogether remarkable in view of the unchecked rise of the last few weeks. Louisvilles at 80½, Atcheson preference at 79, Atcheson common at 35½, Unions at 67, Milwaukee at 123½, Pennsylvanias at 73½, Northern Pacific Common at 63½ and Southern Pacific at 40½ are sufficient proof of our contention. The impetus given to business by this recent activity in American Rails may be observed in the generally better tone which has been apparent in both the English railway and Consol markets. Notably South-Eastern deferred have risen 1½ to 69½, and Brighton deferred 2 to 128½. The National War Loan has improved ½ to 98½, India Three per Cents. 1½ to 102, London County Consolidated ½ to 88½, and Consols ¼ to 99.

LORD ROSEBERY OR MR. ASQUITH?

IF the misfortunes of our friends, according to the French cynic, are not displeasing to us, those of our enemies might be supposed to afford absolute satisfaction. Yet we do not believe there is any insincerity in the regret expressed by almost all Unionists at the weakness and disorganisation of Her Majesty's Opposition. Every thinking man, however strong may be his party predilection, must perceive that a disciplined Opposition, obeying a powerful and responsible leader, is the best guarantee for good government. Ministers can always laugh at confused and discordant criticism, and where there are many leaders can always play one off against another. This demoralises the Ministerial ranks quite as much as it does those of the Opposition. As to the reason why "the Liberal party lies in ruins," to borrow the phrase of the "Times," we agree with their correspondent "Civis Britannicus" that it is owing to the violence of their leaders in the near past, and particularly of Mr. Gladstone. The vast majority of the British people abhor extremes in politics, as in everything else: they will not, to use the language of Burke, "make the extreme medicine of the Constitution their daily bread." Had Lord Palmerston been a younger man, he might have been Prime Minister for twenty years, because the prevailing note of his temperament was that animated moderation so dear to the mind of the average Briton. All Mr. Gladstone's administrations were marked by some violent policy or extreme proposals, such as the disestablishment of the Irish Church, the first Irish Land Act, and the Home Rule Bill. If the Liberal party is to be restored to its necessary strength and dignity it can only be by a leader who will resolutely pursue a policy of animated moderation, who will show a steady independence of Irish disloyalty, and will repress or disregard the ebullitions of extremists like Mr. Labouchere. So far as Lord Rosebery allows the nation to get an occasional glimpse of his views, he possesses these qualifications. He has repudiated the policy of Majuba Hill, and pronounced its repetition to be impossible: indeed on all questions of foreign politics Lord Rosebery is a frank, if temperate Imperialist. He has never truckled to the Irish vote, and he has calmly declined to "toe the line" which Mr. Labouchere is so fond of chalking out for his leaders. The capital objection to Lord Rosebery as a leader is that he will not lead. He is invisible to the party, taking private counsel with one or two chosen friends, and flitting from Mentmore to Dalmeny or from Dalmeny to Naples. Where was he during the period of stress and anxiety that preceded the General Election? What was his manifesto to his countrymen? Now that the battle is over, it is calmly suggested in the "Times" by "Spectator," in whom we all recognise a well-known lawyer, that the Liberal party should go to Lord Rosebery, and beg him to assume the leadership. We can fancy some of those who have just been fighting for their party in the country sharing the sentiments with which Hotspur received the demand for his prisoners from a certain lord.

"But, I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,
Fresh as a bridegroom."

Human nature being what it is, we doubt if the Liberal party will start on a pilgrimage to Mentmore or Dalmeny, to beg Lord Rosebery on their knees to condescend to lead them. Of course, if Lord Rosebery chose to issue from his retirement, and take a strong line of his own, things would be different. In that way he could certainly jump off with a lead, but has he the stamina to stay home?

The only alternative to Lord Rosebery is Mr. Asquith. We have reason to think that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would be only too glad to resign a post for which he is naturally unfitted. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is an amiable and in some ways a cultivated man, but he is not inspiring, and he is not tough enough to lead the present Liberal party. His chief desire, "Good, easy, man," is to be at peace with the world and

himself: but no leader who is given to folding of the hands will do for the moment. Mr. John Morley will always influence a large body of his countrymen; but thought and style tell more outside than in the House of Commons, which he will never lead. Sir William Harcourt is impracticable: Sir Henry Fowler is rather too old, and Sir Edward Grey is rather too young. The thoughts and eyes of men are turning to Mr. Asquith as the necessary man. As a parliamentary and platform speaker Mr. Asquith is, in our judgment, second to no other statesman, not even to Mr. Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain is quicker than Mr. Asquith in the rapier-fence of repartee, which is so much to the taste of British politicians, but as oratorical performances the speeches of the two men are hardly to be compared. There is a philosophical breadth and rhetorical finish about Mr. Asquith's speeches which are wanting in those of the Colonial Secretary. Those who have known Mr. Asquith since his undergraduate days are aware that he is a great deal more than a successful lawyer and a political orator. He is a sound and courageous thinker, capable of taking long and deep views: in a word, he is a statesman in the making. Mr. Asquith has not yet obtained the power over the House of Commons and the position in the country which we are accustomed to associate with the leadership of one of the two historic parties. But confidence is a plant of slow growth, and Mr. Asquith has not been in the House of Commons much over twelve years. The power and the prestige will come fast enough if only the Liberal party will have the courage to make him their leader, and the good sense to follow and obey him. What is the objection to Mr. Asquith's leadership? Only this, so far as we know, that Mr. Asquith practises at the Bar, and is understood to wish to continue doing so. That is a private affair, on which we can give no opinion, beyond saying what everyone knows, that it is physically impossible for a man to be both a leader at the Bar and leader of Her Majesty's Opposition. At the same time we do not see why the abandonment of his practice as a Queen's Counsel should necessarily mean Mr. Asquith's renunciation of what is said to be the object of his ambition, namely, the woollack. But as we observed, these are domestic matters, which concern individuals rather than the public. What the nation is concerned in is the rehabilitation of the Liberal party in the House of Commons under one strong and capable leader. We have indicated how in our opinion that public object can best be obtained.

THE TRIUMPH OF GOLD.

WE recognise without enthusiasm the result of the Presidential Election. The expected has happened, and Mr. McKinley's success is as complete as the least impartial purveyor of American intelligence to the British public could have desired. Such a result was easy to predict, for the Republicans are the party of gold, not in the currency sense alone.

Mr. Bryan has been the victim of his own perversity and of his country's prosperity, and even what he seemed to have been taken from him. We do not hasten to join in the chorus which proclaims Bryanism extinct, for a man possessed of such powers to sway the masses may at any crisis develop a fateful activity, but it is evident that for the present the voters will have none of him. We pointed out some months since, when Mr. Bryan accepted the Presidential nomination, that the attitude he assumed was one that deserved consideration. This consideration it would appear to have been the aim of our newspaper correspondents to avert by every means in their power, and they now point triumphantly to the outcome of the contest as the victory of the powers of light over those of darkness. To show that we are not exaggerating, let us listen for one moment to the burning words in which perhaps the best known of these gentlemen, writing in our best known daily newspaper, conveys to us the sentiment of New York. "If you listen you may hear, too, the voice of thanksgiving, expressing an emotion not far from religious. It is more than morals and morality which has been at stake, and it is at stake no longer!" Perhaps it may not be obvious to the

everyday man, who is happily not an everyday journalist, what "morals and morality" have to do with a Presidential election. Such high falutin' is best dismissed in the words of Dr. Johnson "Sir, let us have no more of this stuff." But this does not dispose of the harm which arises from the partial manner in which American affairs are presented to the British reader. There is hardly a single London daily paper whose correspondent successfully endeavours to give both sides of the Presidential contest, or indeed any aspect of any political question in the States beyond that in which it presents itself to the mercantile community of New York, or certain political coteries in Washington. There is much to be said for the view that American politics are not worth the attention of the British public, but, if their mysteries are to be unveiled, we have a right to ask that we should be admitted to know what affects the millions who dwell west of New York. But that is exactly what our hierophants deny us. One result of this way of treating matters American is that the bitterness always existing in certain quarters of the United States against this country is inflamed, and the whole British nation, which as a matter of fact is profoundly indifferent to the whole pother, is identified with the supporters of one political party. This is the very attitude that all thinking men would have us avoid. How far we have already drifted into this false position may be gauged from the fact that some Continental newspapers are deploring the victory of Mr. McKinley as that of British policy. It is more to be regretted that in the past some of our rulers have given colour to this impression by their public utterances. We hope that the present election may be followed by no such pronouncement as that which startled judicious men after the last, when it was stated that the Republican triumph was "a splendid pronouncement on behalf of the principles which lie at the base of all human society." If such congratulations on party victories are to be conveyed from those in office on one side of the Atlantic to those on the other, it should be privately by the whisper of an Ambassador and not publicly in the oration of a Minister. As expressions of open exultation they bless neither him that gives nor him that receives, for the latter has to repudiate them in his own interest, leaving the too generous friend to the jeers of the censorious. It is unnecessary to advance modern instances to emphasise our point. They only bear out what we have always endeavoured to make clear that, apart from the bad policy of identifying British interests with the triumph of one political party, it is folly in the nature of things to expect particular consideration at the hands of any American Government. We may expect perhaps just as much as we receive from any other Great Power and no more, and indeed there is nothing in such an attitude that we have any right to resent. It is the good folks who are always trying to make us believe that we shall get a great deal more who are the unconscious promoters of ill-feeling. Our recent policy has gained nothing in China, where the United States took a line frankly egoistical; we have certainly gained nothing in the Mediterranean by wounding the pride of Spain, and if the American Government took no steps on behalf of the Transvaal, we admit that they behaved like every other Power in the world and for the same reasons. Whatever we have gained by the presence of Mr. Hay at the State Department may be lost in the event of his departure; it is a purely "personal asset" and Mr. Bryan would have treated us exactly as Mr. McKinley has done and will do, though Democratic relations with this country would naturally have been exacerbated by our ostentatious sympathy with the Republicans.

For these reasons we deprecate in the strongest manner the attempt to treat the Republican victory as that not only of English interests but also of righteousness. The chagrin of Boss Croker, it is true, moves us not, but we cannot raise a pæan over Mr. Hanna as a collaborator with any forces that make for righteousness. This gentleman himself would be the first to deprecate so embarrassing a connexion. Mr. Bryan stood for some causes we heartily sympathise with, he opposed monopolies and bastard Imperialism and he

endeavoured to get a hearing for the less fortunate members of the community, whose interests are not those of the New York millionaires. The causes which militated against his success were many and various, and the course of his policy became so tortuous that it rightly alienated much sympathy. If there is one thing he honestly believes in it is free silver, and that has lost its fascination for the Western States owing, and of course only owing, to the national prosperity for the time being. He has been obliged therefore to keep it in the background and give prominence to other matters. It must be admitted that Mr. Bryan has presented a less attractive figure in 1900 than he did in 1896. So long as free silver was the issue, he was pleading, mistakenly or not, for a cause which he had at heart. He may have taken the anti-Imperialist line with equal conviction, but he would have done more to enforce his views on the matter by consistent action than by the outpouring of torrents of eloquence. There can be no doubt that had he pursued a different course at Washington in 1898 with regard to the arrangement with Spain, the embarrassments of the Philippines might never have weighed upon the United States. In any case his own policy as indicated does reach to the height of his professions, for he is in favour of the United States retaining a harbour and coaling station at Manila and of their troops remaining in the islands until "a stable Government" is established. Therefore it is only in degree that his views, as now expressed, differ from those of Mr. McKinley, if indeed the latter has any save to drift with events, for from his recorded utterances it is impossible to discover any other. In this matter, as in that of coinage and China, he has handed over his political conscience to the keeping of Congress. We are not concerned to discuss the causes which may have swayed the electorate in giving the President a second term by a handsome majority. They may be read passim in all our newspapers and believed or disbelieved at the reader's pleasure. The motives of the people's choice are neither altogether corrupt nor altogether "above morality," that is to say that they are highly satisfactory to the "business mind." The only interesting thing to the impartial observer is to consider the manner in which the President will use his victory. The greatest tribute to his cunning as a politician is found in the fact that there is absolutely nothing in his past actions or utterances to tell us.

OUR INTERESTS IN CHINA.

IT is inevitable, in the case of an empire whose interests are world-wide, that local difficulties should have far-reaching effect. Public attention is naturally concentrated on the region where our Imperial strength is engaged, at the cost of withdrawal from other questions where our interests are not less but temporarily less in evidence. Owing partly to that cause but partly also, it is to be feared, to popular indifference our interests in China have lately attracted less general attention than they deserve. Bodies of experts, such as the China Association and its Eastern branches, have compiled much valuable information and uttered the weighty forecasts which we have seen occasionally in the press, but the popular mind has refused to respond. It is to be hoped that, with the subsidence of acute anxiety as to the war in South Africa, this attitude will change, for our interests in Eastern Asia are not less because they are different in kind. If South Africa promises to contribute to the strength and welfare of the Empire as a colony, China offers a field scarcely less promising for our commercial and industrial enterprise. Outlets for the products of our artisans at home are at least as necessary to our well-being as outlets for the more adventurous who prefer to seek employment or fortune abroad. But in China, as elsewhere—perhaps even more than elsewhere—our interests want watching; for the commercial rivalries and political jealousies of which we are the object are there to be found in fullest activity. The old China is in solution; and it will require firm and skilful diplomacy to preserve it from drifting to political shipwreck amid the rocks and currents of external pressure and in-

ternal change. The foreign trade of China amounted, last year, to H.Tls. 460,500,000 or about £65,720,000. The share of the British Empire was £40,857,000; while the flag of the British Mercantile Marine flew over 6,700,000 out of the 11,000,000 tons of shipping which this trade employed. The term Empire is used advisedly because the interest of our great colonies—of India and Australia, of Canada, South Africa and the Straits Settlements is scarcely less than that of Great Britain in the total. But the present figures do not exhaust the question. They expand yearly even now, but there is a consensus of opinion that the expansion would be increased almost immeasurably by the improvement of communications and by fiscal reform. The movement of commerce is impeded, at present, in both respects; and all who know are agreed that reform in both respects presses. The China of the willow pattern plate is doomed. Forces are at work which will sweep away even the inert resistance of Mandarinism. But those forces, it is important to understand, require skilful guidance.

One hears it said that our strength is limited; that we cannot govern Africa and Asia as well. But government implies annexation, and there is no question of annexation. Public opinion in this country has accepted, as objects to be striven for—the preservation of Chinese integrity (territorial, not moral), and the maintenance of an open commercial door under the terms of existing treaties. The Anglo-German Agreement avows those objects, which are in consonance with the maxim formulated twelve months ago by the United States. But other Powers are less sympathetic, although their verbal adhesion may be assured. We have no desire, nor is it necessary to our present purpose, to elaborate the thesis. What we do desire is to emphasise the maxim which was well stated some years ago, and was re-stated at the China Association dinner on Wednesday last, that in no part of the world is commercial activity conditioned by political activity and prestige so closely as in the Far East. We have in Japan an example of the vast expansion which commerce may attain under a reformed administration; and we trust that the people of this country will see to it that their historical share in the development of the neighbouring country, under conditions which are believed to be imminent, shall be preserved. The China Association deserves all praise for the efforts it has made, and continues to make, to record facts, formulate views, and generally to promote the great interests which it represents. It would be well if those with whom lies the ultimate voice in the direction of our policy would study the records of the Association, as a corrective to the pessimism which Sir Robert Hart has inhaled in the fatal atmosphere of Peking.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE ROYAL YACHT.

IN our issue of 22 September we mentioned incidentally that the new "Victoria and Albert" yacht was "a failure"—and a very costly failure. We were not speaking without our book. Up to the time of launching all appears to have gone well with her construction; and the launch itself was successfully performed, it will be remembered, at Pembroke Dockyard by the Duchess of York. When the vessel left the ways nothing appeared amiss with her in any sense, and she floated perfectly upright. She was then placed in dry dock, and the general fitting of machinery and cabin accommodation was proceeded with. It was apparently in this process that the blunders of faulty calculation came to assume the shape of accomplished fact. It is credibly stated that at one time the officials actually engaged in the supervision of the construction were nearly driven to their wits' ends by the avalanche of orders and counter-orders that were received as to every conceivable detail. Take one instance. Some heavy gilt scroll-work was carved, gilded, and fitted to the outside of the ship; down came someone who did not approve of this ornamentation; so off it must go and some new design be substituted. Gilt-work in large masses such as this is an expensive item; and though it is not stated what the actual cost of the

condemned work was, it may be set down at a considerable figure. If we remember that is but a typical instance of the chopping and changing that went on perpetually during the latter part of the construction, we do not need official figures to assure us that the waste of money was great.

The British public would not cavil at expense incurred in costly alterations, if ultimately the Queen had a yacht that met her wishes, and befitted the Sovereign of a great maritime nation. But unfortunately this is not the case. So gross were the errors of calculation, that on being floated in the dry dock, when all the essential parts of her construction had been completed, she as nearly as possible "turned turtle." She luckily received no damage, and was eventually got safely to Portsmouth, where most of the work above deck and on the superstructure, done at Pembroke, had to be undone or altered. It is stated that something like 400 tons of fittings were taken out of the ship. Thus relieved of a weight, unnecessary probably in the first instance, seeing it can be done without now, and moreover badly placed, the vessel floated uprightly, and has undergone her steam trials successfully, up to a certain point; in other words no vibration was found in her, and the engines worked well and smoothly, giving no trouble, nor the slightest indication of a possible breakdown. So far so good; but was the speed estimated for reached? There is a difficulty about obtaining information on this head that casts a grave doubt upon the point; but one thing appears certain, namely, that in the attempt to obtain the speed (however far from or near to success the attempt may have proved) it was shown beyond any manner of doubt that her coal consumption was such that her radius of action would practically be limited to the Channel and North Sea, or at all events to a voyage in which, to put it plainly, there will be found a coaling station every few miles.

In apportioning the blame for this monumental muddle it is necessary to be just; and while it is impossible to absolve Sir William White from all blame, it is a question whether the Admiralty who presumably was the supreme authority in this case, ought not to bear the chief burden. Sir William White's services are recompensed by a grateful country with the princely income of £2,500 a year and a K.C.B.; an income which Sir William, had he directed his abilities solely to the object of enriching himself, might easily have quadrupled in a private capacity. But that is by the way. Undoubtedly his reputation amongst naval architects of every class and his mastery of his profession prove him at once to be one if not the greatest of living experts; which makes it astounding that mistakes in calculation should have been allowed to creep in. Sir William's health has not for a long time been what could be wished, and it is probable that the error arose while he was temporarily incapacitated from exercising his supervision. It was the Admiralty, however, who decided that the ship should be built in one of the dockyards; and selected the one which probably insured the greatest amount of inconvenience, on account of its distance from London. We venture to suggest that to employ Sir William White to design the yacht was a mistake, being as it was a class of work in which he could not have had much personal experience; while to build her in a dockyard at all meant employing men unacquainted with that class of construction. A contract with Messrs. Harland and Wolfe, or Lairds Brothers, would probably have insured a successful ship, at little more than half the present cost. As it is the "Victoria and Albert" will never be anything but an unsatisfactory compromise; and as to her going to Australia in the spring; well, she may, but if so it will be in tow for most of the voyage!

THE RAILWAYS OF SCOTLAND.

I.—THE CALEDONIAN.

SCOTLAND can claim to have appreciated the value of railways at a very early date. In the colliery districts "waggonways," similar to the old mineral lines scattered about the north of England, were known considerably more than a hundred years ago, and the first public railway in the country was opened for traffic as long ago as 1826. It was not likely that

so shrewd a people would long remain contented with lines of merely local importance; and projects were very soon brought forward for the construction of a trunk line to connect with the rapidly growing railway system of the southern kingdom. The Cheviots lying along nearly the whole length of the border formed a natural barrier; it was taken for granted that any line that should be made would have to avoid the mountain country, and pass into England close to the sea coast either via Carlisle on the west, or by way of Berwick on the east. The advantages of both routes were hotly contested, and as it does not seem to have occurred to anyone at the time that more than one line would ever be made, the feeling between the advocates of the different schemes ran high. At length with the building of the London and Birmingham, Grand Junction, and Liverpool and Manchester lines, railway communication was assured between Euston and Lancashire; then a connexion northward to Carlisle was planned, and the Caledonian Railway Company formed to construct a Scotch line to meet that connexion at the Border city. For a long time the promoters of the Caledonian had hesitated as to the route their line should follow, the question being whether it should keep to the lower country pretty much in the direction now followed by the Glasgow and South-Western, or whether it should go boldly over the hills. The latter alternative offered two great advantages; a considerable distance could be saved and the services for both Glasgow and Edinburgh could be made equally convenient. In the end these inducements prevailed. The directors however were not without misgivings. We may smile now at those who feared that locomotives powerful enough to draw the trains up the inclines in all weathers could never be built, but it must be remembered that in those days there were no continuous brakes; so that to keep trains under control down the long descent to Beattock on a stormy night was a matter of considerable responsibility. So great were the difficulties of the country felt to be that, we are told, so late as 1842 it was firmly believed there could never be more than one line from England to Scotland. The same feeling prevailed at the time of the construction of the first railway across the American continent; and a well-known writer on railway subjects who might well have had prophetic visions of the S. Gothard, the Arlberg, and the Simplon, describing the construction of the Mont Cenis tunnel thirty years ago, said "We shall one of these days, probably in four or five years, have one tunnel through the Alps; we are not likely in this or the succeeding generation to have a second." Hence this lack of prescience on the part of the pioneers of railway construction in Scotland is not surprising, particularly as they had not at their command anything like the resources of the engineers of to-day who will cheerfully undertake to build a railway through any country from which a dividend can be extracted.

The Act authorising the construction of the Caledonian line between Carlisle and Glasgow and Edinburgh was passed in 1845. The line was opened from Carlisle to Beattock in September 1847 and completed to the two termini in the following year. In 1866 by amalgamation with the Scottish Central and the Scottish North-Eastern a continuous main line of a length of 240 miles was secured from Carlisle to Perth, Dundee, and Aberdeen. Various small lines were bought up and the system became one of first-rate importance. In 1889 in order to improve the coast traffic the Greenock line was extended to Gourock; and shortly afterwards with the same object in view the company obtained possession of the Lanarkshire and Ayrshire line to Ardrossan and the Wemyss Bay railway and pier. In 1891 this company in conjunction with the London and North-Western started to run dining cars for first-class passengers between London and Scotland; and two years later the dining accommodation was granted to third-class passengers also and corridor trains were introduced. In 1896 came the completion of the Glasgow Central line, a short local railway of the utmost value to the Caledonian, giving it access to the north side of the Clyde which had hitherto been practically a preserve of its great rival the North British. No other company in England or Scotland serves a

country presenting a greater contrast in different localities. The district round Glasgow offers as good an illustration as can be found of the pressure, the overcrowding, and the grime of modern industrial civilisation; while for sheer desolation and loneliness parts of the Oban line west of Crianlarich could hardly be surpassed anywhere in the world.

The Caledonian is interested to a large extent in steamships. It is a curious fact that no matter whether the actual work of the line, the performance of which is the primary object of the company's existence, is well done or not, whenever a British railway engages in the subsidiary business of running steamers it invariably proceeds with it in an energetic and satisfactory manner. The present condition of railways in the county of Kent can hardly be described in parliamentary language at all, but once out in the Channel on the "Lord Warden" or the "Mabel Grace" the passenger feels that he cannot in justice complain of anything but the fares charged; and against the Caledonian boats, which carry on a number of services at the mouth of the Clyde too intricate to be discussed in detail, not even that reproach can be levied, for the fares are in general remarkably low.

Though Carlisle is the English terminus of the line it is not the most southerly point to which it penetrates. A single-line branch, of which it is safe to say not one through passenger in a thousand has ever even heard, leaves the main line at Kirtlebridge and crossing the estuary of the Eden south of Annan effects a junction with the Maryport and Carlisle Railway at Brayton. This branch by means of the Maryport, the North-Western, and the Furness lines gives an alternative route between England and Scotland, avoiding the Cumberland hills and running practically at sea level throughout; but it is not made use of for through traffic and the only claim to notice which it can at present make is that it joins the two countries by means of the great Solway Viaduct, one of the longest bridges in the world. Possibly however, should the new scheme for the preparation of peat fuel turn out successful in view of the high price of coal, the heather moors through which this branch runs may yet prove to have a commercial value which has not hitherto been suspected.

The local and the through passenger services of the Caledonian are very distinct, and as is the case on all Scotch lines both vary considerably according to the season of the year. Locally the services eastwards from Glasgow to Edinburgh are hardly so smart as those running west to the coast; it would be difficult to explain why. The through services to and from England as at present arranged are fairly good, but it is inevitable that they should be compared to their disadvantage with the excellent trains which the company was running four or five years ago. Except the once sluggish North-Eastern, which in these latter days seems determined to atone for all its past delinquencies, the various railway companies concerned in the working of through traffic between London and Scotland are at present suffering from an attack of paralysis, and in this particular case it is unnecessary to say more than that the day Scotch express from London is now advertised to take thirteen minutes more for the hundred miles between Carlisle and Edinburgh than it did in November 1888. As this was never a really fast train at its best, the timing in this month's Bradshaw shows how serious the demoralisation has become. Formerly the only through services worked by the Caledonian ran north and south, but, in consequence of the strained relations existing between the North-Eastern and North British companies three years ago, through carriages were put on between Glasgow and Newcastle via Carlisle. This route is actually shorter than that followed by the East Coast expresses via Berwick and Edinburgh, and though at present the through carriages to Scotland are sent north from Carlisle by a very slow train and consequently do not offer an effective competition, the possibilities of further developing the east and west traffics in this direction must give the North-Eastern Company a powerful advantage in future arguments with its northern partner.

It is necessary to deal at some length with the

Caledonian locomotives, for, though no doubt other British engines may be capable of doing quite as good work as has been performed by those of this company, it is certain that they have not done it as yet. Until 1884 the line used for express traffic a number of old-fashioned engines with very large single wheels, peculiarly unsuited theoretically for such a hilly road, but in that year these were replaced by coupled engines of a successful modern type. One very handsome single engine of a new design was built and appeared in the Edinburgh Exhibition of 1886. Two years later this single engine took part in the race to Edinburgh and performed feats which were then looked upon as sensational, but no more engines of the class were constructed and the 1884 pattern remained the standard until the race to Aberdeen five years ago. That event left the railway world in a state of great excitement; to be prepared for anything further that might happen, the Caledonian Company proceeded to build the famous "Dunalastairs," an enlarged edition of the type which for the previous twelve years had given such good results. In 1897 came the "Breadalbanes," improved "Dunalastairs," and during the past spring and summer a still more powerful class has been put in service. In respect of its locomotives this company has received a compliment which in the whole history of British railways will probably never be repeated. Three years ago the Belgian Government was looking out for a new and more suitable kind of engine for working its express trains, and impressed by the brilliant work on the Caledonian, decided to adopt the "Breadalbane" design lock, stock, and barrel; and though the step then taken was a very unusual one, it is reported that the foreigners have had no reason to regret it.

•• Next week's article in this series will be on the North British.

OPTIMISM AND PESSIMISM.

TO the words Optimism and Pessimism there is attached a wide and general meaning which is in reality a capsule, in which is confined a variety of specific meanings—meanings which differ from each other quite as much as they resemble each other; and these, by the unphilosophic, are invariably confused together, nor is any one of them understood clearly. This observation applies not only to those refreshing persons whose company relieves the anxious mind of its tension, because they are blessed with a happy immunity from clear thought about anything. It applies also to persons who are, within their own limits, careful and troubled about all manner of serious problems, who rejoice in profound convictions, and regard themselves as moral authorities. We shall find that such persons, as a rule, make use of the word "optimist" as a term of praise, which they apply to all thinkers who take a bright, a hopeful, or an enthusiastic view of the life of the individual, of a cause, of a nation, or of the human race; whilst the word "pessimist" is applied by them, as a term of condemnation, to anyone who makes light of the joys of which human nature is susceptible, who thinks that the condition of mankind will never be much better than it is, or that, instead of tending to grow better, it is tending to grow worse. Between these meanings they never clearly discriminate, nor realise that certain forms of what they condemn as pessimism are the direct antitheses of others, and afford the firmest basis for certain of the beliefs or moods, which, with a similar want of discrimination, they group together as optimism.

Let us first consider the meanings of which the latter of these two terms is susceptible. Optimism, when used in its purely colloquial sense, means little more than an habitually sanguine view with regard to the prospects and circumstances of life from day to day. Thus a man is called an optimist who thinks that the problem of the Transvaal will have been completely solved by Great Britain before the Grand National. A woman affects to be an optimist who, if some coffee has been spilt upon her ball dress, comforts her trembling partner by assuring him that "it will come out." Again, the word optimism sometimes means a belief in the virtue of individuals for which there is no evidence

—as in the future sobriety of a servant, for instance, who has lost three situations through drunkenness. Of this limited meaning of the word it is unnecessary to say more. Let us pass on to those that have a wider range of suggestion, and point more or less distinctly to some general and consistent principle. Of these wider meanings, it is easy to distinguish three. In the first place, people are frequently called optimists on the ground that they believe the good and the benevolent elements of human nature to be on the whole overwhelmingly preponderant over the evil, or the wise thoughts of the vast majority of men to be incalculably more numerous than the foolish thoughts. In the second place by the word optimism is frequently meant the opinion that the pleasures of life, on the whole, are overwhelmingly preponderant over the pains; and in the third place there is frequently meant by it, the opinion that whether life on the whole is preponderantly pleasant or the reverse to-day, the conditions that make for unhappiness are being gradually but surely eliminated, and that it will be absolutely delightful some day, though it may be rash to prophesy when. And if such be the three philosophic meanings of optimism, pessimism has meanings which correspond to them, of a contradictory kind. The word pessimism is sometimes used to denote the opinion that in dealing with the majority of our neighbours, it is safer to appeal to their self-interest, than to their passion for heroic self-sacrifice—to suppose that a cabman is more likely to be induced to drive us fast to a railway station, by the promise of an extra shilling if he enables us to catch our train than by any desire on his part to prevent our being late for dinner, or to avoid a postponement of our pleasure in encountering the bills awaiting us. Pessimism, in short, when used in the foregoing sense, means thinking as ill of human nature as general experience will allow us to think. When used in another sense, it means the dismal opinion that the pains or the annoyances of life inevitably outweigh its pleasures, owing to causes inherent in the very structure of our minds and bodies. Of this kind of pessimism an example is afforded us by Leopardi. And lastly the word again is used in a third sense, as meaning the opinion that whatever may be the conditions of human life now, their general and inherent tendency is not to improve but to deteriorate.

Now most people, if cross-questioned as to what they mean by pessimism, will be found to have in their minds this last meaning uppermost—to identify pessimism with the opinion that, if there is any change at all in the general relations of human life to happiness, the movement is not one of progress but retrogression. This opinion is not only a shock to their feelings, but it seems to them contradicted by so vast a mass of experience, that they are able to console themselves by dismissing it with intellectual contempt, as the morbid imagination of a mind perverted by a bad heart. And the judgment which they thus pass on what we may call the pessimism of retrogression, they extend to pessimism of the other kinds also—the pessimism which questions the preponderance of the pleasures of life over its pains, or the preponderance in human nature of the loftier impulses over the lower and the more selfish. The opinion of the pessimists as to both these latter points is assumed by them to stand or fall with the view that the movement of human affairs is backwards and not forwards: and it is in this confusion of thought that we find the origin of the facile contempt and animosity with which, as monopolists of a healthy view of life, they regard all persons or books whose character is less sanguine than their own.

No doubt, a belief that the condition of the human race is inevitably one of progressive, even if slow, deterioration is a view calculated to sap the foundations of character; and seems moreover so little in accordance with fact, that its source may well be sought in some disease of the mind. But this belief, if it is really held by anybody, is held by nobody whose opinion is worth considering. It is certainly not maintained by any serious pessimistic philosopher. Many philosophers have held, and do still hold, that the tendency of things would be to deteriorate—"in peius ruere"—unless human endeavour were a constantly counteracting force. But this belief, though less cheerful than that

of those who persuade themselves that every year we are getting appreciably nearer perfection, has no greater tendency to paralyse the human will. Indeed of the two beliefs it is the one most likely to stimulate it; for the fatalism of those who think that everything is naturally for the best may be as demoralising as the fatalism of those who think that everything is naturally for the worst. But a fatalism of this latter kind is so far from being typical of the pessimism of the present day, that it hardly even forms a part of it. Still less does our contempt or dislike of it offer us any ground for condemning under the same name, those other forms of opinion to which the name is popularly applied. The pessimism which refuses to admit that, if we take men as a whole, their unselfish instincts can be counted on as securely as their selfish, has nothing to do with any belief that the conditions of life are deteriorating. It is not even inconsistent with a belief that they some day may improve. Nor again is any doctrine of deterioration involved in the kind of pessimism which denies that the joys of existence are greater than its pains or disappointments. Such pessimism as this is identical with the traditional teaching of Christianity. It by no means precludes a belief in the social progress of mankind; and as conceived by the Christian, it is the basis of a spiritual optimism. Exaggerated views as to the excellence of human nature, the natural happiness of life, and the perfectibility of social conditions, do far more to defeat the hopes of the amiable optimists who entertain them, than do the soberer, if gloomier views, of many which they denounce as pessimists. Nor indeed need pessimism, in its effects, be a gloomy creed at all. If we wish to discover men who are really soured and saddened, we must look for them amongst the optimists who hope for too much in life, and who believe too much in human nature; and are consequently disappointed by both, because they have tried them by an unfair standard: whilst the pessimists, on the other hand, who hope and believe too little, will be grateful for gleams of happiness where they have looked for nothing but gloom, and for even small kindnesses where they have taught themselves to look for none. The truth, as usual, lies between two extremes; but if we cannot keep our opinions from straying towards one extreme or another, it is safer for some minds to be led into exaggeration by the pessimist, since pessimism by a natural reaction will produce in them content and charity, than to be led into exaggeration by the optimist who, by teaching us to expect too much, converts the disappointed enthusiast into an equally credulous cynic.

SILVAN ECONOMY.*

(Continued.)

IN the works of Brown and other foresters of that date it is evident that the old naval requirements were still of the first importance. The system was to plant a permanent crop of hardwood, nursed or rather filled up with coniferous trees such as would grow to paying dimensions in a crowded condition, while at the same time they drew up the hardwood to needful length of stem. When these so-called nurses were removed they were not only valuable in the market, which hardwood trees of that age could not have been in this country of collieries, but they left the hardwood—the permanent crop—standing at such distance apart that they might develop not only into trees of large dimensions but also bear those heavy crooked branches so dear to the shipbuilder and so opposed to the principles of the Continental forester. Both schools knew very well what they were about. Both were successful but the English school has been "knocked out" by the supersession of timber by iron in shipbuilding, and though it must now assimilate its methods to those of its Continental neighbours, it was thoroughly successful in attaining its object, while that object was of primary importance.

A good deal of confusion too might be caused by Mr.

* "Our Forests and Woodlands." By John Nisbet. Haddon Hall Library. London: Dent. 1900. 7s. 6d. net.

"The New Forestry." By John Simpson. Sheffield: Pawson and Brailsford. 1900.

Simpson's misunderstanding of the meaning of the term "nurses" as applied to plantations of this description. His idea seems to be that a "nurse"—reasoning no doubt from the analogy of the human nursery—is a tree of a description more hardy than the tree to be nursed and that the object might as readily be attained by close planting of the rare variety of trees. So indeed it might and is, in natural regeneration—but with the difference that, in this country, the early thinnings of hardwoods are practically of no value. The object of Brown and his followers was to substitute for these valueless thinnings "nurses," trees such as larch and fir, that would arrive at a marketable value at an early age in a crowded condition and pay by their sacrifice for the whole cost of the plantation. There is no question of relative hardness of the respective trees—the whole theory is an economic one, and where well carried out is sound, so far as concerns the production of a thin permanent crop of spreading trees. The fault lies in the likelihood of the loss of permanent canopy and in the original cost of planting as compared with natural regeneration. For the purposes of the present timber trade the system of Brown is not well suited, where the opportunity of trying other methods exists, but half a century ago the object aimed at was a different one. But Mr. Simpson's description of a perfect timber tree as a "clean straight pole with very little taper from end to end, and in the case of hardwood the proportion of top a *mere wisp*" is surely economic forestry run mad. That such trees may be most profitable because a great number of them can stand on an acre of ground may be the case but they can only be produced by the sacrifice of all that is pleasant and grateful to the eye, and, as Dr. Nisbet shows us, there is a golden mean which can be preserved.

There is moreover no need to travel abroad in order to study what Mr. Simpson calls the "New" Forestry. In Buckinghamshire on the Chiltern Hills such methods of growing beech have been in force for many generations of trees. Natural regeneration alone is used to reproduce the crop and a regular proportion of the acreage is felled annually to supply the chairmaking industry which makes this form of timber production very remunerative. Mr. Simpson also makes sundry references to the New Forest. Had he carried his researches there a little further, he might have seen some thousands of acres of woods from three hundred to four hundred years old, all of which were produced by the simple method of natural regeneration and enclosure from cattle, aided, it may be, by some sowing of mast in favourable years. The result is seen in those beautiful masses of old woods found, mostly in a decaying state, in different parts of the Forest. They were formerly mixed woods of oak and beech but now consist mainly of beech, for the sufficient reason that time and again they have been searched for oaks good enough for dockyard use. Thousands of noble trees have been cut out, and thus they have been highly remunerative; but let no man cavil at the sacrifice when he considers the purpose for which they were felled and what these woods have helped to do for England. It is an extraordinary puzzle to lovers of trees why Parliament should have absolutely prohibited the renewal of these ancient woods by the application of natural regeneration, simply protecting them from damage by cattle, and has thus condemned them to absolute disappearance at no distant period while desiring to conserve them. Such a mistake seems impossible of explanation.

Among the many beautiful and admirably executed illustrations with which Dr. Nisbet's book is adorned is one showing the process of natural regeneration on a portion of an old wood in the New Forest enclosed prior to the interdict in 1877. Within the fence is a mass of young trees sufficiently close together for their age and thriving grandly. On the outside are other parent trees beautiful and ancient, approaching the stage of decay without a single young scion around them to take their place. The picture shows clearly how easily the perpetuation of such a wood is accomplished and how fatal is the neglect of the necessary precautions.

Deeply interesting is the account of the origin and

ancient government of our forests. Barbarous indeed was the ancient forest law and hard its rule, but it is clear that we of the present day owe much to the sporting tastes of the Norman, Tudor, and Stuart kings, without which most of our delightful forests and chases, cut down as often they are to mere remnants, would never have existed at all. Dr. Nisbet gives us a brief epitome of the various Acts passed, but why does he say that neither Mary nor Elizabeth gave any particular attention to her forests? Probably in no reign was more care bestowed on them than in that of Elizabeth. In the seventh year of her reign was made by one Roger Taverner the survey of all Her Majesty's woods in forests parks and chases "on this side the water of Trent." The lengthy catalogue gives not only the name and acreage of every wood but the description of the trees or underwood therein. In the seventeenth year of the same reign an inquiry was held as to various malpractices in the management of the coppices within the forests. In the thirtieth year a commission was issued to John Taverner and others to make full inquiry into the state of these coppices and other trespasses in the forests and the inquisition was a very full one and was continued in the forty-first year by a further commission to Sir Thomas West. In the thirteenth year of this reign too was passed an Act modifying and perpetuating the legislation as to the proper enclosure of the various woods. If the same care were bestowed by the State in these days as prevailed in the time of Elizabeth, Dr. Nisbet would not have to complain of apathy and want of sympathy with regard to forestry.

The question of game is dealt with at some length in both the books under review. We cordially agree with both writers as to the iniquity of allowing woodlands—and sometimes indeed whole estates—to be ravaged by rabbits. Owners who are guilty of this ought to be impeachable under the law and punished for "waste," as in the days of the old forest laws. But we can hardly go with Dr. Nisbet in his comments on the shooting of the present day. It is the essence of modern shooting that the game shall be presented to the gun so as to give the most sporting and difficult shots possible and this principle can hardly be deemed an unsportsmanlike one. Even when the question of game-preserving and pheasant-rearing and the obstacles they oppose to the best management of the woods at certain seasons of the year is discussed, it must be remembered that shooting rents are now a very substantial consideration in the annual budget of many a landowner. In many counties they reach enormous sums—readily obtained. If then by careful attention to his game a proprietor can realise an income far larger than the produce that his woods in timber alone would yield, who can blame him if he takes advantage of the market and turns his woodlands to profit in that way rather than the other?—should he retain in his own hands shooting that he can readily let for so many hundreds or thousands a year, it is his business only. If he can afford it, he is right to do so, but to tell him he ought to give up or curtail his shooting in order to cultivate his woods better, when they already pay him exceedingly well, is to court a rebuff. As well tell him that he would make more income if he were to plough up his park and bring it under a four-course system of husbandry instead of leaving it in grass and bracken, grazed by deer and overshadowed by giant oaks. He will not adopt any such suggestion except under pressure from circumstances which it is sad to contemplate.

The concluding chapter of Dr. Nisbet's work points to the same conclusion as did the Report of the Committee on Forestry of 1887—viz. that of all things needed by forestry, education stands first of all—a simple form of education in our National schools or in the form of the technical education supplied by our County Councils for persons of the class of professional foresters. We also need a more elaborate system at such places of instruction as Cirencester or Downton which should reach the great body of land agents or occupiers of land, and above all classes at our public schools which shall attract and educate the great class of landowners into whose hands ultimately the bulk of our woodlands will pass. These are all crying wants and are not difficult ones to satisfy. Our agricultural colleges know well how to

supply such facilities for study. Eton, Winchester, Marlborough, Wellington are all exceptionally well favoured by their situations in this respect. Such classes might be made voluntary, for in proper hands they would become intensely attractive. Ignorance is at the bottom of most of our sad deficiencies in matters forestal. It is ignorance—sheer ignorance—that allows grand old woods to go to rack and ruin under the very nose of their proprietor; for lack of education he does not know what is going on before his eyes. It is ignorance that makes him, should he be aroused to the actual state of affairs, afraid of the very name of scientific forestry because he does not know what it is, and cannot realise that it can be turned to serve his purposes as well as that of others. It is ignorance, gross ignorance, that makes Parliament prohibit the application of natural regeneration to grand old woods of the State that are perishing for lack thereof, while at the same time it enacts their preservation. But it is a book like Dr. Nisbet's that may stir up such ignorance to a sense of its shortcomings, and perhaps in time bring about a remedy.

PROBITY AND PARTI-PRIS.

A BOOK and an exhibition challenge us to take stock of the adventures among pictures and ideas of one of the most active and impressionable minds that in the last decade have troubled Chelsea. It was in the distant past of six years ago that W. Rothenstein broke on London in the precocious maturity of his first or Parisian period (if we except the baby years spent at the Slade School). He was offensively young, intelligent, witty and ambitious. In English breasts he inspired distrust tempered by a lively curiosity to see what he would do next, and his course was followed by something of the fond anguish that pursues the movements of the *enfant terrible*. It was a time when nerves were kept on the stretch by another Terrible Child, Beardsley. Rothenstein's art was not in itself so threatening, but it was attended by the impression of a disconcerting mind behind it likely to dispute dignities and break out in places barred by comfortable consent. From the first his work aroused in the least friendly an attention more proportionate to what might come of it than to what was actually accomplished, for it had forcible intention along with glaring incompleteness. It must be galling to the plodding, well-equipped, unintentioned painter to see intense half-childish work preferred to his own, but there is no real injustice. From the outset Rothenstein had, among his gifts, the economising and directing power, a clear end, means adjusted to it, and the habit of carrying a project through. Lithography, newly revived, lay to his hand; he seized on this and applied it to the portraiture of the most interesting people he could induce to sit; to induce them was part of his talent. Portfolio under arm, and rare assurance in his breast he had collected, in a couple of years, scores of eminent heads in England and France; one of the earliest triumphs of "Max" was a Progress of W. R. tiny but ineluctable, among those great or notorious. Not a few of these portraits will take the stamp of an interesting character down to history.

In those early drawings the trick of likeness, the eye for salient points, and the assertion of style in sweeping line were more notable than patience or closeness of drawing. The conditions of hit-or-miss portraiture in a hasty sitting were against study. A later series showed an immense advance in this respect. Style was much less imposed; indeed the drawing in parts (bodies, dress, &c.) broke down into timid fragmentary notes; but a closer research in the heads was well rewarded. I may specify the *Cunninghame Graham*, *Seymour Haden* and *Rodin*. Rothenstein had the courage to go back on early successes and strengthen his foundations. He passed through *The Vale* (of Chelsea) a school of ardent study of the past and scrupulous attitude in the present, and his original teacher, Mr. Legros, became his master in a real sense. His picture at the Paris Exhibition was not only one of the few notable works by younger men, but marked a new stage in his career, the result of thought and labour.

The present exhibition* includes a number of drawings of architecture as well as portraits. The former continue a line well opened by an impressive picture of the Cathedral of Vézelay shown at the New English Art Club. All have a large and grave sense of the picturesque. The drawing has not all of an architect's interest in form, but it renders the main elements of mass shadow and scale with a simple use of line and a few conventional washes of gouache. I should name as the most remarkable, No. 7, a Church at Le Puy, No. 11, Castle and houses on an aiguille-like rock on the Loire, No. 18, a big disposition of light and shadow in a street, 21 a group of towers, and No. 1, a cattlemarket, the black and white of men and cattle spotted under square massive buildings. Among the drawings of heads that of Charles Conder may be chosen to illustrate the growth of a certain humility in waiting on nature. The drawing is almost too subdued into modelling for drawing, but the expression of this charming head was well worth pursuing. The *George Moore* is the most sympathetic I have seen out of many renderings of the open, bewildered look of those eyes, the attitude and expression of the *Brabazon* are perfectly caught, and the first of the two *Coquelin* sketches, the head thrown out with the humorous mouth across the bag of the lower face, and the crinkled eyes, is splendid.

The book, a study of *Goya*,† will not be altogether new to readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, for the nucleus of it appeared in these columns. Goya has been very little written upon in English, and his mordant nature has been too repugnant to the gentle English sentiment in this century for his influence to tell here as in France, where he became a naturalised force (Delacroix, Daumier, Millet, Manet, Rops, have all a strain of him; he affected the vision of men of very different temperaments); this little book therefore will be news to many readers acquainted neither with the works nor the treatises of Yriarte, Lefort and other commentators. A little more commentary on the *Caprices* and *Proverbs* indeed would not have been amiss. The Unicorn Press or some other would do well to have good impressions of the etchings photographed and reproduced, for good impressions are rare and impressions of any sort not common. In style the book displays a writer with remarkable disposition for literature but, as one might expect, not completely the professional habit. There are admirable strokes of description and analysis ("His men have all something of the overpowering genius that Balzac gave to his characters; "a half dandified, half savage character he gave to his men") but the thought sometimes remains in pellets, leaving the transitions and applications doubtful. Looking out rather for news of the writer than of Goya as I read, I found, for want of these connexions, a certain ambiguity in the doctrine of W. R. concerning art. On the first page a distinction is drawn between the first-rate masters whom absent or present we must bow to, and those who exercise a fascination for a time or in absence, disappointing us sometimes in presence. It is not quite clear to which of these categories Goya is consigned, though probability points to the second. Then we are told that the qualities that finally hold us in art are "probity and intensity," and a distinction is drawn, as I understand, between Goya as possessing these qualities, and the English school as possessing not so eminently.

In one of these words lies an ambiguity because "probity," even if the root in character be the same, may mean honesty of drawing or honesty of attitude. Probity in drawing may be contrasted with *chic* in drawing (the honesty of Van Eyck or Dürer, for whom the ready-made in observation is so small, with that of the generality) but we cannot affirm this probity of Goya without large qualification. The foundation of his painting is the easy *chic* of Tiepolo; it is on this he strikes the terrible rigours of his design. A passage on another page notes this ("qualities of the eighteenth-century school which consist in giving, instead of trees, hands, or folds of drapery, something remarkably like them"). We fall back then on probity of attitude, the honour and disdain with which an artist views his

* At the Carfax Gallery, Ryder Street.

† The Artists' Library, No. 4. *Goya*. By W. Rothenstein. London At the Sign of the Unicorn. 1900. 2s. 6d.

material and its pretensions. Mr. Rothenstein has a good deal to say on this head and some of the sayings are the most symptomatic in the book. ("That uprightness which Englishmen practise in their lives, they would seem rather to despise in their art. . . . The view that an artist, in the arrangement of his life, and the choice of his subject, should feel himself to be above suspicion, is not always held in this country, even by painters themselves.") "That indifference to injustice, which allows young painters to lead such calm and dignified lives in England, was absent from Goya's anarchical nature.") At the same time if we take what seems to be implied, a reference to Reynolds or Gainsborough and their complaisant and admiring attitude to the society they paint, though there is a difference, it is hardly one of probity. Goya's humanity is possibly of greater range, certainly it speaks in quite other registers of bitter and mutinous tone, but Gainsborough's probity alike in attitude as in drawing seems to me as assured as Goya's. Reynolds had a grain of snobbishness, as every eclectic and worldly organiser must have, and the plant he sowed has grown and flourished till countless beasts and fowls find shelter beneath it. But the admiration of both was surely loyal.

"Intensity" seems to point more directly to Goya's secret; the fierce cruel and mocking element in him that brought him his particular brand of honesty. And a saying of Goya's own, quoted p. 16, defines some of the conditions of this intensity. "All painting," he said, "is sacrifice and *parti-pris*." Probity in the sense of humility before nature (see p. 11) was no part of this attitude; it was a determination to force an extreme of portentous gesture, ominous light and shade. For this reason painting could not satisfy Goya; he must be impatient with colour; we are astonished to find how accentless he often becomes in its trammels. Only the sensual charm of a woman's body tempted him in that direction. Colour sacrificed, he found his instrument in biting line, and infernal lights shed on the masque of diabolic or stricken humanity. Here we stand before the strange knot in which the strands of truth and fiction are tied by each artist; shreds of honesty woven in, not for honesty's sake, but because of the whip in them that pleased the maker's temper, shreds of fiction to make them sting beyond natural sharpness. A critic always finds it easiest to defend his master on the grounds of closeness to nature and truth. The difficulty for us all is to admit the enormous *parti-pris*, and to explain what is the nature of the imaginative transaction by which these violences done to truth give us a heightened sense of it. We can watch, in the case of new artists, the stages of conviction. The early work passes before our eyes and we question still whether the word is to be pose, affectation. Then a picture comes in which illusion or disillusion is secured. In the former case a pledge has passed which makes us accept both past and future work as good coin, with all its alloy; in the other case we have no better name for the man than false coiner. It is the despair of criticism to define this pledge, to say why one with his mixture of *chic*, *lâcheté*, and savage intensity, passes muster, another with all the evidences of pious faithfulness thick upon him goes out, a charlatan.

Mr. Rothenstein clearly feels this difficulty, and dissatisfied with a formula, throws out phrases at it; "imagination for nature" "sharpness of reality . . . mysterious quality of life so alluring to Goya that it made him willing to sacrifice precisely those qualities which are looked for and admired in most painters, for a peculiar grip and vivacity of presentment. Hence to all he touched he gave immense vitality." And of the fantastic side of his work, "it must be remembered, that the faculty for creating form and movement points at an imagination for reality, which can be readily brought to bear upon purely fantastic subjects;" "His sense of form was creative as well as imitative" . . . it is this imagination for reality, this power to render nature dramatically and impressively. . . .

"Imagination for reality" is perhaps as near as we can trap the secret in a phrase; Mr. Rothenstein's mind I should say is working away from the violent charm that is Goya's pledge of having touched "reality," but this book, as well as his latest work, strengthens

one's belief that he is secure of a vulnerable place for his own entrance. D. S. M.

"HEROD."

SEEMING to me beautiful as poetry, beautiful and terribly powerful as drama, this tragedy does not "invite" my criticism. Like all great work, it gives me a distaste for the duty of taking a pen and therewith fishing out of an inkpot a record of such emotions as I may have gained from it, such opinions of it as I may hold. The only things worth writing about are the only things one does not care to write about—not, anyhow, on the hebdomadal spree. "The adventures of the soul among masterpieces"? Oh yes, doubtless; yet the soul is shy of the reporter, however eager be the public. The soul comes back to its home stealthily, loth to be "interviewed," even though "proofs will be submitted" to it. True æsthetic pleasure is inarticulate. What wish have I to explain to myself, to anyone, *why*, or *how*, or *to what degree*, "Herod" is beautiful; to decide whether the author be a classic or a romantic; to doubt whether this or that scene be "dramatically effective," this or that motive "made clear," this or that line "musical"? Why should I put myself out to the solemn fuss of criticism? Presumably, because it is my business to do so.

Lest I seem to gush over "Herod," let me confess that I did not, by any means, go determined to praise it. Many critics had already staked their reputations on Mr. Phillips' genius; but I was not one of them; I was not standing or falling by Mr. Phillips. Indeed, I was somewhat prejudiced against his work. I had had the misfortune to read "Paolo and Francesca" after, not before, its boom. It is a fact that, when a figure is set upon a pedestal, the higher be the pedestal the smaller does the figure appear to our eyes. One instance of this law in optics is Lord Nelson in Trafalgar Square. Another was Mr. Phillips immediately after the publication of "Paolo and Francesca." If the sailor-hero were on our own level, we could better appreciate his magnitude. If the star-touching sublimity of Mr. Phillips had not been proclaimed to me so vociferously, "Paolo and Francesca" (such is human weakness) would have impressed me more. Nelson, after all, has only one column. Mr. Phillips had columns and columns, in all the newspapers, and there were all the critics, of all ages and denominations, turning ecstatic somersaults around the plinths. Apart from the natural reaction caused by such antics, one is quite well justified in doubting genius that is, at its outset, so widely welcomed. Genius implies strangeness, a gift of new things—in fact, originality. Accordingly, it must always be distrusted at first. The history of all the arts proves this rule. Nor could I find in "Paolo and Francesca" the additional proof of an exception. It seemed to me very delicate, very smooth, wholly derivative. It might have been the work of a beautiful, etherialised sixth-form boy with an instinct for the stage. It was exquisitely tactful, could give no offence to anyone. Such tact is not a good sign in a young man: what young genius ever has been tactful? Original power, in its first outburst, may have any quality, except tact. Here, in "Paolo and Francesca" was a happy blend of drama and poetry. To that extent, the play was new for us. But had either the poetry or the drama any strong new note in it? I found none, neither strength nor newness. Possibly, that was my fault. My love and knowledge of literature is less for poetry than for prose. Nor have I the particular kind of imagination which enables one to judge surely of drama from printed pages. Had I seen "Paolo and Francesca" acted, it might have overwhelmed me. But *Alexandro aliter visum*. Having now seen the second play acted, I am quite prepared to be overwhelmed anon by the first. I merely say that my reading of the first left me cold—kindly but frosty, and with no passionate anticipation of the second. Indeed, I expected that the second would be inferior. I could not imagine Mr. Phillips going beyond a wistful austerity, whether in poetry or in drama. "Paolo and Francesca" was a theme well enough suited to such treatment; but how would a fiery-coloured theme fare under it? What would become of Herod, magnificent monster? I waited, and wondered.

Well! I am not sure that in "Paolo and Francesca" the concord between the poetry and drama was not more perfect than it is in "Herod." But that is because Mr. Phillips, as a dramatist, has risen so grandly to his new theme. His drama is so fiery-coloured, so intense, the characters so largely projected, the action so relentlessly progresses from scene to scene, always accumulating strength, till, at last, the final drops of pity and awe are wrung from us, that only the greatest of dramatic poets could accompany it with verse quite worthy of it. Tremendous sonority and depth and swiftness, tremendous images, are needed for its perfect expression. Merely having twice seen the play, not possessing a copy of it, I cannot well substantiate my suggestion that Mr. Phillips is, throughout the play, lyric rather than tragically dramatic in his expression. Such, nevertheless, is my suggestion, and perhaps, when the play is published, I shall be able to follow it up. (I leave, meanwhile, due margin for the fact that modern dramatic training does not include the delivery of blank verse, and that full justice is not done to Mr. Phillips' lines by more than a few of the mimes at Her Majesty's.) Of course, the connexion between matter and manner is a very subtle one. The two things are hard to disentangle. Expression of tragically dramatic emotions is sure to be, in a degree, tragically dramatic. But still, if we venture to compare the expression in Shakespeare's tragedies with the expression in Mr. Phillips' "Herod," we shall find that, whereas the latter is seldom tragically dramatic except in virtue of its matter, the former is so, invariably, in itself. In Shakespeare there is never any loss by friction. The words and rhythms are as great as the thoughts, and the full measure of the thoughts comes upon us with immediate percussive effect. Listening to Mr. Phillips' lines is like watching a fiery waving torch through a thin clear sheet of ice that never quite melts, or that melts only at moments and then freezes again. The ice is very thin, very clear, has a beauty of its own, and lends, even, a peculiar beauty to our vision of the torch. Still, one wishes it away. As for the merely technical aspect of Mr. Phillips' verse, the prosody, that I leave to the experts, of whom I am not one. Enough for me that the verse sounded always musical. Often it was murdered by the mimes (first murderess: Miss Maud Jeffries); but then, it was beautiful in death. When it was well delivered, one was never (as in all other modern poetic plays) conscious that it was an artificial mode. It came to us (having come likewise to Mr. Phillips) as a natural language, not as a feat in translation. There were but two moments when I was jarred. Any reminder of the common language of life makes one uncomfortable in listening to poetry. Such a line as "The multitude of labourers thrown from work" is bad because "thrown out of work" is familiar slang to us. "The multitude of men thrown out of work" would be bad enough, as recalling the daily newspaper. "Thrown from work" is worse, for it not only recalls the daily newspaper, but also shows us Mr. Phillips forcing the daily newspaper to be metrical. I suggest "The multitude of unused labourers" as one of many loopholes. My other objection is to

"By day a cloud,
By night a pillared fire."

Here, of course, the phrase recalled is not slang. If "a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night" happened to scan, Mr. Phillips might use it without doing any damage. But his metrical version of it is objectionable because the phrase is so familiar to us that any change in it gives us, instinctively, a jump, and sets us thinking of the tricks played with the Psalms, long ago, by the present Duke of Argyll. The worst of the matter is that the words occur in the final speech of the play. At this of all solemn moments, we should have thoughts for none but Herod, not even for the Duke of Argyll.

So much for "Herod" as poetry. I must defer the consideration of "Herod" as dramaturgy until next week.

MAX.

THE ART OF ASSURING WELL.

THE art of assuring to the best advantage is not easily acquired, but there is so much difference between the wise and the foolish selection of a life assurance policy that it is well worth while to acquire the art, or to invoke the aid of someone who is proficient in it. This consideration applies with considerable force even to the simplest form of life assurance, which is the selection of a single policy. A life policy that secures the payment of a given sum at death, or at the end of a fixed number of years, involves only the comparison of premium rates, if the policy does not participate in profits, and evidence that the company offering the best terms is financially sound. If the policy participates in profits the matter becomes more complicated, inasmuch as it is necessary to take into account the prospects for future bonuses, and as these prospects vary very widely in different companies it is not easy for the uninitiated to make the best selection.

When insurance protection is the only requirement the ordinary forms of policy are suitable enough, but a very important part of the art of assuring well is the combination of different policies, frequently in different offices. This art of combination is cleverly employed in a little book entitled "Points about Policies" which has been sent to us by a provincial firm of insurance brokers. The pamphlet gives the names of no companies, but quotes the figures of some twenty offices. The policies which are illustrated exhibit a number of very clever combinations, which the ordinary individual would find it altogether impossible to work out for himself; and the result is to show methods of meeting almost every imaginable requirement in a satisfactory way. We have unravelled many of the puzzles presented by the combination and, though all of them are ingenious and good, some of them are not quite the best possible.

We are not, however, so much concerned with the particular illustrations supplied in this pamphlet as with the question of the combination of policies, which the book suggests more definitely than any other publication we have met with. One combination to which greater attention might well be paid is that of life assurance and annuities. The principle is to purchase an annuity, out of which the premiums are paid on a policy that replaces at the death of the investor the capital invested. By this means it is possible to obtain an immediate income at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. to 4 per cent. on the sum invested and to have the absolute security afforded by first-class life offices for both capital and interest. This combination is available in many different ways. By taking a policy subject to premiums for the whole of life the income remains uniform throughout; by taking a policy guaranteeing the sum assurance at death, but subject to only twenty annual premiums, the income is comparatively small for twenty years, and very large for the rest of life; and by taking two or three different policies it is possible to arrange for a gradually increasing income. Again by taking endowment assurance in connexion with an annuity the sum invested may be returned on the attainment of a given age, and thereafter the investor has an annuity for life in addition to the income to be derived from the original capital which is repaid to him. Another combination which frequently yields excellent results is to invest a given amount, say £1,000, partly in the purchase of an annuity, and partly in the payment for a policy of £1,000 by a single premium.

These are some of the simpler forms of combination, by means of which life assurance may be made a safe and lucrative investment, exactly adapted to the requirements of the investor. There are, however, more complicated combinations, by which in certain cases even more favourable results may be obtained; but in order to use these possibilities of life assurance to the best advantage it is necessary to possess an intimate knowledge of both the usual and the unusual forms of policies issued by the various life offices. Anyone possessed of this knowledge can turn it to good account and find in life assurance a means of investment, which, when the security afforded is taken into account, is practically unsurpassed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOCIALISM AND REPUBLICANISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Well Hall, Eltham, Kent, 6 November, 1900.

SIR,—Surely this controversy can be determined in fewer words than those which either Mr. Bax or Mr. Shaw have thought well to employ. Socialism as conceived by Mr. Bax is a different thing from that contemplated by Mr. Shaw. The former is a more or less cut-and-dried political and economic system; the latter is an attitude of mind. The Socialism of Mr. Bax and the Old Guard is obviously incompatible with monarchy. In point of fact it is incompatible also with real life. To the Socialism of Mr. Shaw, of myself, of a growing number of Englishmen who take the trouble to think about these interesting matters, a monarchy will be no obstacle for the next three centuries. Therefore on certain fitting occasions, and in festive moods, we are quite willing to sing "God Save the Queen." We may not look for the Old Guard to surrender, but we know that it will die.—Yours faithfully,

HUBERT BLAND.

"MISTAKEN MAGNANIMITY."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Naval and Military Club, 30 October, 1900.

SIR,—The SATURDAY REVIEW is consistent in not holding out sympathy to small nations, for I remember your approval of the seizure of the Danish Duchies by Germany, and of the action of General von Wrangel in bombarding open towns. The misery and suffering in the Transvaal, as you say, must be "appalling." What stronger measures can be used? The women are turned out of their homes, all they have is stolen or burnt; the young and delicate, the cripples, the dying, are turned out on to the veldt. Surely this is enough without "sterner measures." Fancy the agonies these poor widows and orphans endure, foodless and homeless, in a temperature of twelve to eighteen degrees of frost. Their only crime is fighting—vainly, I admit—for their homes and country as Hungary, Italy and Greece did. We are told that the country is so rich that it will amply repay us for our trouble. Even burglars do not willfully kill the householders if they are not molested. The Boers might be left their land, and we could keep the mines. They have fought well: the other day at Vryheid losing 60 killed out of a force of 165. We can point to nothing like that in the way of resistance; and we must remember the kindness of these women to many of our wounded in, possibly, the same houses we have now looted and burnt.

J. S. TROTTER.

"SOBRIETY IN REJOICING."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Weybridge, 31 October, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—I trust that the SATURDAY REVIEW is satisfied with London's reply to its article headed "Sobriety in Rejoicing." I do not write to you, however, to point out things which are obvious, but to call attention to the fact that the disgraceful scenes witnessed in London on Monday afternoon and evening afford an ample explanation of many things that have occurred in South Africa and elsewhere during the past year. Thus, the same blundering mismanagement on the part of those who control soldiers (or policemen) has led to disaster in Fleet Street as it led to disaster at Spion Kop and other places too numerous to mention. The same degraded spirit, so foreign to what was fondly supposed to be the characteristics of the English people, which led to the horseplay and public indecency witnessed on Monday evening, is the same spirit which inspired the war with the Boers, the same which animates writers in our leading newspapers when they disgrace themselves by jeering at President Kruger in his adversity, the same which has caused them to elevate such a man as Joseph Chamberlain to be the arbiter of their destinies.

I am not sure, however, that I am not wasting time in giving expression to these highly unpopular observations.—Yours faithfully,

LEONE G. CHIOZZA.

COMMANDANT BOTHA AND THE RETIREMENT FROM SPION KOP.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Volksrust, Transvaal, 4 October, 1900.

SIR,—I am glad to see that in your issue of 1 September you treat with proper contempt the absurd account of the retirement from Spion Kop told in the "Daily Mail" by a Mr. Douglas Story.

As a matter of fact the Boers did not harass our retirement because, until broad daylight, they were momentarily expecting to be attacked by us. They were in so nervous a state at eleven o'clock on the night of our retirement that they opened a terrific fire at an imaginary advance. Most of this fire passed over our heads, but a few bullets fell into my battalion (which was awaiting the time at which it was ordered to move off) and wounded two men. Not a man moved nor was a round fired in reply, and I have seldom felt more proud than I did then of the steadiness and nerve of the English soldier.

When daylight showed that we had left our position and were crossing the river, the Boers lost an opportunity of inflicting considerable loss on us; not, as Mr. Story says, because Commandant Botha was forbidden to use his guns; but because they were afraid to move forward to a position from which they could command the pontoon bridges until they were quite sure that no trap had been prepared for them by a partial retirement.

As soon as Commandant Botha discovered that our whole force was re-crossing the Tugela, he very properly did move his guns forward; but they only came into position in time to fire one shell at the pontoons as they were being taken to pieces.

My battalion crossed in broad daylight and was one of those which covered the operation of removing the pontoons. I saw the shell strike the water close to the second bridge, as did hundreds of others.

Perhaps Mr. Douglas Story may be interested by these facts. I am not interested by his fictions.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

MAJOR.

THE CARE OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hampshire Club, Winchester, 30 October, 1900.

SIR,—I have no idea who your correspondent "Winton" may be, but I trust you will grant me space for a brief reply.

I am a very old inhabitant of Winchester. Except when at sea I have lived here all my life—going on for sixty years—I have been in the habit of attending the cathedral services since I was a boy in the school, and I have no hesitation in saying that there is hardly a word of truth in the whole of "Winton's" letter.

He begins by saying that the building itself "wears a desperate air of habitual neglect."

Now I say that on the outside, repairs are almost constantly going on, whilst inside, the choir is exceedingly well kept, and the nave is as clean as a place which has to receive weekly so many hundreds of pairs of dirty boots can well be.

If "Winton" had attacked the state of the Close, or rather the cathedral churchyard, twenty years ago he would have been right enough, but now there are several men always at work there. I admit that a small spot in the north-east corner is not what it should be. I go through the Close myself four or five times a week, and during the whole of last summer I hardly ever did so without seeing three men mowing the grass. Every one knows that late in October, with gales of wind and heavy rains, it would take an army of gardeners to sweep up the leaves as they fall.

Now about "strolling" anywhere inside the cathedral. It was found necessary, I am told, some years ago to keep the iron gates in the north and south transepts locked, except before and during services, because visitors when "strolling" by themselves were in the habit of carving their illustrious names on the pillars and other places, to say nothing of chipping off pieces of stone to take away with them. That is the reason why visitors are liked best in "parties," and under guidance, though anyone who is known may go where

he likes, and many a time has one or other of the vergers lent me his keys when I have been going round with any friends.

For the services, I, as a layman, do not pretend to be a judge; but if they do not appear "seemly" to Winton, he must be hard to please. I should describe them as all that a grand cathedral service should be.

In conclusion, I think that both our present and former Deans are gentlemen who are very well able to look after themselves, should they care to defend themselves from an anonymous attack.

What their political opinions have to do with the care of the cathedral or the Close I cannot imagine. May I add that I am myself neither a "Radical agitator" nor a "Roseberyite publicist" whatever that may be?—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A. DE C. CRAWFORD,
Commander Royal Navy (retired).

AN OUTRAGE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Icklingham, near Mildenhall, Suffolk,
27 October, 1900.

SIR,—Surely no one possessing anything that can be called a soul can have heard of the proposed outrage at Stratford-on-Avon without a glow of shame and indignation. It is in contemplation to break into that loved chancel of the well-known church, which for near three hundred years has been made sacred, surely beyond any other human thing, by Shakespeare's mortal remains, and to confront his bust with—another one.

Is not to say this to say enough? It is not a question of whose bust is to be thus misplaced. That any should be is the point. If the nation should rise up against "this vandal act" and prevent its perpetration (which it will do if it be not lost indeed) it will have vindicated first itself and next the woman of genius whom it is proposed thus falsely to honour. Surely to place the bust of anyone—no matter who—opposite to that of Shakespeare and in the same chancel with him is to expose the memory of that unfortunate to an eternal gibe. It is such a thing as one might imagine great men, had they the smallest suspicion of an intention to make them the victims of it, guarding themselves against by an express clause in their will. To be handed down to time staring at Shakespeare in marble as though impudently and fatuously courting a comparison—the shame, the unsurpassable shame of it! In the name of chivalry may I, through your organ, appeal to all Englishmen to protect the memory of an esteemed, gifted and unoffending woman from this unmerited obloquy.

I am, yours faithfully,

EDMUND SELOUS.

[We note with satisfaction that, since the date of Mr. Selous' letter, this unfortunate proposal has been withdrawn.—Ed. S. R.]

CRUELTY IN THE TUNIS CATTLE TRADE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

32 Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W., 26th October, 1900.

SIR,—English people have the reputation of being pre-eminent in their consideration for and humanity to animals, and I beg therefore to submit to the readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW the following statement of facts, with a view to soliciting their co-operation.

The widow of a canon of the Church of England has sent me a letter from her son, an army officer at Malta, which reveals a shocking state of affairs at Tunis. Tunis appears to be doing an extensive cattle trade with Malta, and in shipping the animals, terrible scenes of cruelty are enacted. The particulars which follow were witnessed by the officer to whom I have alluded.

The Arab drovers have a most inhuman method of inducing the oxen to mount a steep gangway. Crashing blows on the nose, horns, or face of any animal, whose head is turned away from the direction in which it is desired to move, were dealt with sticks, more accurately described as clubs, and so great was the force of the blows, that the officer states it was a cause for wonder that no animal was felled. Those animals behind, whose turn to mount the gangway had not

arrived, in no way escaped, as the mere turning of the head towards the rear was sufficient excuse for the receipt of a smashing blow on the face.

The sight of the unfortunate oxen wincing with half-shut eyes, evidently at a loss to know what was required of them, and seeking hopelessly for some avenue of escape, was one of the most sickening spectacles, my correspondent states, he has ever witnessed. Two oxen broke back, and one fell. To raise it, blows, kicks, doubling up and squeezing the joints of its tail, jobbing it with the stick, were tried, while one Arab took its tail in his mouth and bit it.

The practice of shipping is altogether so vile that I have been begged to draw public attention to the matter, in the hope that something may be done to bring about a different state of affairs. If any of your readers are desirous of helping me in this task, I shall be glad to hear from them, as something ought most certainly to be done.

Thanking you in anticipation for the insertion of this letter, I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

SIDNEY G. TRIST.

[We agree with our correspondent that "something" must be done, but we could wish that he had made a positive suggestion.—Ed. S. R.]

THE COTTAGE HOSPITAL AT OBER AMMERGAU.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Heworth Moor House, York, 25 October, 1900.

SIR,—After reading your article on the Passion Play of 1900 I feel sure that many of your readers will respond sympathetically to the suggestion I am about to make. For several weeks I lived amongst the people who, unaided by any outside training, have given the world this marvellous, unique interpretation of the Bible story.

I ascertained that an endowment to their Cottage Hospital would be a welcome gift. So it has been suggested that a fund should be raised to endow one or more beds in remembrance of the Passion Play of 1900. The Cottage Hospital was built by the people of Ober Ammergau with part of the proceeds of the performance in 1890. At present there is no endowment, and it would be a great boon to the community to be able to send necessitous cases free. It would be a worthy thank-offering from the English people, who ten years ago subscribed to erect the beautiful organ which is the crowning treasure of the parish church at Ober Ammergau. Subscriptions will be received by Mrs. Lloyd Lingcroft, York, and Miss Milner, Heworth Moor House, York, who will act as hon. secretary and treasurer.

I am, yours obediently,

EDITH MILNER.

[We have pleasure in endorsing Miss Milner's suggestion and appeal.—Ed. S. R.]

AUGUSTE RODIN—A SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

108 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, 3 November, 1900.

SIR,—I read with intense pleasure the appreciative note on Auguste Rodin by "D. S. M." in your REVIEW of 29 September. The article appears to me to offer an excellent opportunity for bringing forward an idea which I have long wished to see realised—I mean the possession in one of our art collections of some of Rodin's work. "D. S. M." has justly placed him foremost among modern sculptors, and I as a sculptor may add that his power as a master of the technique of his art is truly valued by the younger men.

"D. S. M." regrets that no library in this country possesses the volume of his sketches lately collected and published by his friends. May I propose through the medium of your REVIEW that the admirers of Rodin in this country raise a subscription for the purchase of one of his bronzes, to be presented to the South Kensington Museum? It is surely to be regretted that a plaster cast of Barye's "Lion" should alone represent modern French sculpture in our public galleries. I should be pleased to help in any way that would further this end.—Yours truly,

JOHN TWEED

REVIEWS.

LORD ROSEBERY ON NAPOLEON.

"Napoleon: the Last Phase." By Lord Rosebery.
London: A. L. Humphreys. 1900. 7s. 6d.

WE contemplate this volume with the liveliest feelings of regret; for it reminds us of the loss which literature, and indeed Lord Rosebery himself, sustained when politics claimed him as their not unwilling prey. He has both the mind and the style of an historian; and if he had seriously applied himself to historical research, he would deserve to be tried by the severest standards of the critic. But since history has never been more to him than the recreation of his leisure hours, he has a right to demand the same measure of indulgence which we extend to the novels of Disraeli, the theology of Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Balfour's wanderings in search of a belief. Lord Rosebery need not fear to be compared with these illustrious amateurs. They are more ambitious, but he excels them in the thoroughness of his execution; and he is gradually establishing a claim to rank among the masters of modern English prose. His style is lacking in the higher qualities of directness, spontaneity, and freedom; he is too measured, too judicial, too much of a purist, too ingenious in his phrases. But at his worst he is always dignified and lucid; at his best, as for example in the concluding pages of his latest essay, he borders very closely upon eloquence. It is well for his reputation that he has seen fit to publish this monograph upon Napoleon's life at S. Helena. There was a time when we feared that the Life of Pitt would be the last, as it had been the first, of Lord Rosebery's excursions in the field of history. Brilliant though it was, that little book did not show its author at his best. It was pervaded by a vein of special pleading which could hardly impose upon the most devout of Pitt's admirers. The labour of the file was so apparent that the reader groaned in spirit, and closed the book with a feeling of exhaustion hardly less overpowering than if he had actually assisted in every painful emendation. Epigram following upon epigram with fatal regularity perpetually distracted our attention from the subject of the book. The subject in itself, as defined by the modesty of the writer, or the exigencies of a popular series, was deficient in the highest kind of interest. The name of Pitt will live as long as that of England or Napoleon; but it will live as a synonym for mediocrity displayed on a colossal scale. Pitt can neither repel nor attract us; he was heroic in nothing but his tenacity to one great purpose; in his nature there were no hidden wells, no unplumbed depths. When viewed apart from the European drama in which he played a secondary, but not ignoble part, he is as tame and colourless a figure as Christian would have seemed to us if his creator had ignored the conflict with Apollyon and the passage through the Valley of the Shadow, or dismissed these stirring episodes with trenchant generalities. In dealing with this kind of hero the background is more important than the central figure. But to Lord Rosebery's sketch of Pitt there was no background. Like a pusillanimous magician, who dares not conjure up the mighty spirits of the past, Lord Rosebery refused to let the Revolution and its greatest hero transmit their message through the medium of his pages. The judgments upon which he ventured came to this: that the Revolution was a whirlwind more inexplicable than the common run of such phenomena, Napoleon a genius incalculable and unique; the vigour of his epithets only served to accentuate the poverty of the thought which they concealed. Still it was obvious that this timidity was in no way due to lack of interest or enthusiasm. We have before us the evidence to prove that the Napoleonic era has filled a large place in Lord Rosebery's thoughts. At length he has come to close quarters with some of the problems which he formerly evaded, and while assuming the humble position of a guide to one small province of Napoleonic literature, he has really aimed at forming an estimate of Napoleon's personality in the light of that evidence which he believes to be the most reliable. He has sifted the authorities which deal with the living death at Longwood. He has sketched the companions and the daily life of the exile

with a fine sympathy of touch. He has probed the intrigues which were woven round the prison, and has done something to determine the extent of the prisoner's complicity. We might complain that he has wasted his time and ours in detailing every petty meanness of the Allies and the English Government. But perhaps it was worth while that this dreary piece of work should be accomplished once for all; we now know that there is nothing worth knowing. The last four chapters of the book make ample amends for any tedium which we experienced at an earlier stage. In them Lord Rosebery has collected and arranged whatever fragments of Napoleon's later table-talk may be regarded as significant and frank.

This we imagine was the real object with which the book was written, and it is an object which stands in no need of an apology. Lord Rosebery asserts that he has written mainly for his own satisfaction; but, so far as he has succeeded in his aim, he has contributed to the solution of perplexities which are by no means peculiar to himself, or without importance to the future biographer of Napoleon. Before we begin to criticise that marvellous genius we must know the criticisms which he passed upon himself and his career; we must also know the ideas to which he turned for consolation when he realised that the thread of his destiny was severed once for all. To such inquiries we are not much assisted by the writings of Napoleon. And, if we draw upon his oral utterances, we must distinguish with vigilance between those which were intended for publication, and those which were the spontaneous outpourings of affection or ennui. Even in the last and most desperate stage of his fortunes Napoleon was habitually and perversely disingenuous; though he had nothing to gain for himself by falsehood, there was still the interests of his dynasty to be considered; to the last he believed in the political utility of myths. Fortunately for us there were exceptions to his general rule of reserve and simulation; he had his intervals of frankness, and some of them are faithfully reported by Gourgaud. Undoubtedly we learn much more of the real Napoleon from this loyal, though bilious, confidant than we do from any other source. If Napoleon's conversation was ever a clue to his ideals and motives, then Lord Rosebery has done a highly useful piece of work in commenting upon Gourgaud.

Still it is well to remark upon the limitations of the value of this evidence; not because Lord Rosebery is in any danger of over-rating his results, but because his readers may possibly be so incautious as to fancy that now at last the riddle of the sphinx is solved. Napoleon sometimes tried to speak the truth; but we have good reason to know that his efforts were not invariably successful. Mendacity had been for twenty years his favourite shield and weapon of offence; he had consistently represented his motives to the world, not as they were, but as it was expedient that they should seem to be. And a man who aims at deceiving the world must end by deceiving himself; if he is careless of the truth about himself, or any other subject, he becomes incapable of perceiving that kind of truth. The habit of honest self-analysis is more easily discarded than resumed. And it seems evident that Napoleon, when he assumed a retrospective attitude, was often at a loss to retrace the secret motives of his conduct. When at different times he offered different explanations of the same action, it does not follow that one or both were wilful falsehoods. He had become a stranger to his own past self; only the most general facts, such facts as even a stranger might have known, were clear and certain to his mind. Therefore the historian, when he has detached the genuine from the spurious dicta, and among the genuine has distinguished between the frank, the disingenuous, and those of a mixed nature, is still some way from the completion of his labours. There are converging lines of inquiry which he must employ to test his conclusions. He must examine the actions of Napoleon as they appear to the indifferent spectator; for, when all is said, the track and orbit of a man's life are evidence that cannot be neglected in forming an estimate of character. Further, the letters of Napoleon must be studied in their chronological order, and searched for any casual asides in which the

Emperor unconsciously reveals the dominant idea of the moment; only thus can we arrive at any knowledge of the sequence in which the various elements of his policy were developed. The conversations of S. Helena can only supply us with the starting-point of research, with a working hypothesis. They are more valuable as evidence of Napoleon's temperament than as evidence of his policy at the critical moments of his life. But considered from this point of view they are of the utmost assistance. They prove, for example, that there was something of an Attila in his composition; that the lust of conquest was the motive force which started him on his career of conquest; and that schemes of social and political reform were never of more than secondary interest to him. Great as are the benefits for which society is indebted to him, he was but imperfectly civilised. He did not understand the essence of the beneficial forces which it was often his lot to control and to direct. He was proud of his share in the construction of the Code which bears his name; but he knew very little of the influence which law can exercise on human life. He regulates the relations of the State and the Church; but nothing can be more superficial than his observations on the subject of religion. He may or may not be sincere in his advocacy of the materialist hypothesis, or in maintaining the superiority of Mahomedanism to the Christian faith. But the nature of his reasoning is enough to show that he had never advanced beyond the religious lessons of his childhood. What is the conclusion of the whole matter as conceived by him? Simply that of an uneducated Corsican; there is a great deal that we do not know and cannot hope to know; that religion is the best which makes the least demands upon the reason: only a fool would omit to make his confession on his death-bed, for after all there may be something in the talk of priests. Such a compound of shallow scepticism and unintelligent belief seems the more remarkable, when we reflect that half of Napoleon's greatness was due to the power of his imagination. But his imagination was of that type with which the history of the Romance nations has made us only too familiar; an imagination which is characterised rather by vigour than by elevation, which is more comprehensive than it is refined. His mind could separate and re-combine in a new order the most indissociable factors of the European state-system; but it was incapable of soaring from the earth. Napoleon never understood the inner meaning, the plastic force, the vitality of a religious, a philosophical or a national idea. He could not see that in the long run society is formed and guided by influences much more impalpable than air or light. To his mind society appeared as a complex of selfish instincts and material forces, which a dexterous statesman might turn in whatsoever direction pleased him best. He attributed the crowning failures of his life to errors of detail. If he had not stayed too long in Moscow, if he had not returned so soon from Elba, his star might have prevailed even at the eleventh hour. In fact he was blind to truths which minds, otherwise far inferior to his, have comprehended. His gigantic understanding had been developed at the expense of his higher reason, and this is the severest judgment which we can pass upon him. These are some of the conclusions which we may draw from his conversations; and our inferences may be based as much upon his omissions as upon the thoughts which he actually expressed. But for a guide through the labyrinth of his policy, as it was unfolded from day to day and year to year, we must rely upon other sources of information. Lord Rosebery has made the utmost of his material; but the inferences which are to be derived from it do not by any means exhaust the subject of Napoleon's policy and personality.

T. E. BROWN.

"The Collected Poems of T. E. Brown." London: Macmillan. 1900. 7s. 6d.

"Letters of T. E. Brown." 2 vols. London: Constable. 1900. 12s.

VERSE in dialect is rarely poetry, and the Manx verse of T. E. Brown is not among the exceptions to that rule. It is very vivid, gesticulatory, boisterous,

with a kind of Irish quality in its humour, and a somewhat more personal note in its pathos. It comes out of a nature full of the rough material for poetry, but not quite the nature of a poet. That union of Manx and Border Scotch elements, which made Brown what he was, gave him super-abounding energies, without that power of "energising" which he notes with so humble an admiration: "I quite see how natural it is for certain minds to energise in this way: but then I can't." When he is in the Isle of Man he feels "as if the whole island was quivering and trembling all over with stories—they are like leaves on a tree. The people are always telling them to one another. . . . The brains are always going, I almost heard them at it: I didn't sleep much, and all through the night these shuttles seemed to be flying around me—it is a darling race!" His verse is an attempt to weave together some of these stories, afloat in the air, and, had they been written in prose, some of them would have been very attractive pieces of narrative. But story-telling in verse, when it is story-telling for its own sake, and depending on the realistic qualities of its method, can never become poetry. It is an attempt to serve two masters, and the attempt is fatal. Where the narrative is most lifelike, the poetry is most certain to be absent; and the touches of poetry, which we find from time to time, are for the most part interruptions to the narrative. The impulse, in Brown, was genuine, but it was a random impulse. "The sum of happiness in the world is not too large," he writes. "I would like, if possible, to increase it by the modest contribution of my own store. If so, I must guard it from all disturbance; and poetry enables me to do this, giving me a thousand springs of joy, in none of which there is one drop of bitterness—and thank God for that!" Well, that is an amiable desire, and it shows us, frankly enough, the kind of pleasure Brown himself got out of his work: "like almost everything I have ever written," he says of some verses, "they are for myself, to be murmured inwardly, a solace of a sort." That he should have written mostly in dialect is no accident, but a matter of profound significance. He was provincially minded, and this delightful person, with his enthusiasms and his disgusts, now fine, now irrational, his exclamations, and slang, and animal spirits, and conscious irresponsibilities, reveals himself to us in his letters as a man whom one would have been very fond of, in actual life, but a man in whom the schoolboy, or intelligent young man attitude, persisted to old age, unchanged. Is not this, for instance, delightful? He is sitting in Clifton College Library, after the breaking-up, and he luxuriates in his freedom. "All storms, and individuals, and rapprochements, and relations, and permutations, and combinations seem to me now brutal and destructive, wasteful and deadly. That a blackbird should pipe, may well be borne, and I swear to you (imagine some ethereal bird of paradise oath!) that there is nothing else. The sky is hung over this place by a most delicate diamond boss at the zenith, and believe me! it all swims in silent blue music. (I saw a sheep then, but never mind!) Where are the men and women? Well, now look here, you'll not mention it again. They're all in church. See how good God is! See how He has placed these leitourgic traps in which people, especially disagreeable people, get caught—and lo! the universe for me!!! me, me." It is a kind of mental intoxication, health gone yeasty, and Brown is continually in this exuberant condition, at which, indeed, he is himself always in a state of wonderment. "What I want in all young men," he writes, "is more insanity;" but his notion of insanity is shown us in his enthusiasm for the novels of Mr. Hall Caine, whose "Pegasus" he finds "streaming, gleaming, meteoric, cometic, breathless but ecstatic." He defines himself, in a phrase which has been much admired, as "a born sobber," and he indicates the quality of his tears by hoping that "we may all be well excused for crying over Ian Maclaren." It is not that he does not admire the right things as well; he admires at random, not realising that to care equally for Flaubert (on whom he has some admirable pages) and for Mr. Hall Caine is to discount the value of one's admiration.

Brown's verse, because it is in dialect, has sometimes been compared with the Dorsetshire verse of Barnes, not altogether to the advantage of Barnes. Now the verse of Barnes is pure lyric verse, into which dialect comes as it comes into the songs of Burns, softening the outlines as with a veil of mist. Barnes was a poet of the purest lyrical faculty, a sensitive artist, a man of delicate temperament; he wrote with as careful a mastery of style as Tennyson, and, at his best, from a more spontaneous impulse. Out of a dialect which seems to bring with it few suggestions of beauty, he made beautiful harmonies, turning a reed-flute into an instrument of various expression. The structure of Brown's verse is for the most part that of an Ingoldsby who forgets to buffoon in thought as well as in metre. It is an attempt to render the talk of vulgar persons with as near as possible an approach to the vulgar accent. It succeeds marvellously in doing something of the sort; but the question comes: Is the thing worth doing, and is it, if done, anything which we can call poetry? There is fine, manly sentiment, genuine feeling for Nature, genuine insight into character; but what is lacking is just the one thing needful.

AN UNACCOMPLISHED POET.

"The Poetical Works of Mathilde Blind." Edited by Arthur Symonds, with a Memoir by Richard Garnett. London: Unwin. 1900. 7s. 6d.

FEW of those who have formed a definite taste in poetry are likely to read much of Mathilde Blind except out of personal friendship or "in the way of business." Judging the author, as we now do, solely by this volume with its prefatory memoir and portrait, we can well believe her to have been beautiful, vivacious, and endowed with no ordinary share of what passes for cleverness. Such a little thumb-nail sketch as this will prove so much—"one of the plainest of women, thin-lipped and coarse-skinned, with the profile of a crow and its sharp vigilant eye"—and some of the letters quoted seem to prove something more. Take the description of the storm on Loch Maree: "So heavily did it beat on the loch that the water splashed up as if stones were falling into it, and the surface where it hailed looked like one white seething mass several feet in height, not stationary however but travelling onwards with incredible rapidity. . . . At last on the morning of the third day the sun shone forth, the vapours lolled languidly about Ben Slioch whose peaks rose untrammelled above them, &c." The whole passage is more than merely clever; it implies also an eye for nature and an ear for language. Nevertheless when we come to Miss Blind's poetry her name falls to be added—on the whole and with certain reservations—to the long list of those who have made the mistake of thinking that the capacity for emotion implies the power of expression. It may be said of Mathilde Blind that she strictly meditated an uncommonly thankless Muse.

We have seldom come across a writer of such pretensions and such experience capable of being quite so amateurish. The effects produced are sometimes highly laughable:

"Where, above the fair Sicilian flock-browsed
flower-pranked meadows, looms
Ætna—hoariest of volcanoes—ominously
veiled in fumes."

The last line, with its quaint parenthesis, suggests the comic muse of Calverley, and finding as we do the same note in other passages we are led seriously to believe that the style of the authoress was influenced by "Verses and Translations." The same influence can be traced in the following couplet on the Mummy Kings of Egypt:

"Had the sun once brushed them lightly,
or a breath of air, they must
Instantaneously have crumbled into
evanescent dust."

That is written quite seriously, but it is absurdly like C. S. C. We were not previously aware, by the way, that mummies were of such an alarmingly friable con-

sistence—but perhaps, as Alice might have said, these were a particular sort. Here is another gem:

"Woe, woe to Man and all his hapless brood!
No rest for him no peace is to be found;
Hemay have tamed wild beasts and made the ground
Yield corn and wine and every kind of food"—

"And every kind of food" is a delicious phrase. After this fashion is it that the fifth-form boy, not unconscious to himself of his own inadequacy, ekes out his borrowed thought with tags of verbiage and puts it into a demanded metre.

"But the phantasms of the mind
Who shall master, yea, who bind!"

A copious use of the expletive "yea" is a favourite and characteristic falsetto of this author. She gives us a good many decasyllabic couplets reminiscent of Campbell or Southey at their lowest ebb and flattest pitch, and in fact considering that she was born as late as 1841 we do not quite understand how she came to produce in her earlier verse such an antiquated and pre-Victorian effect. Perhaps her Continental upbringing had something to do with it. Here is a couplet on prehistoric man:

"He—having hit the brown bird on the wing
And slain the roe—returns at evening."

No doubt a prehistoric man may have managed to hit a bird on the wing and no doubt the bird may have been brown, but it is quite characteristic of the author's lack of literary perception that she should have used language which suggests, not prehistoric man, but an autumn shooting lodge in the Highlands. Our visions of Scotch partridges and roe-deer are however rather upset later on, when we find that the man who hit the brown bird was of a bronze colour.

In addition to her want of literary tact in such things Miss Blind's sense of metre was also very rudimentary:

"I charge you, O winds of the West, O winds with
the wings of the dove,
That ye blow o'er the brows of my love, breathing
low that I sicken for love."

Unless we had quoted this couplet nobody could tell in what metre this subsequent line was meant to be written:

"I rise like one in a dream when I see the red sun
flaring low."

"Breathing low" and "flaring low" are both meant to be anapaests. It is true, as we said lately, that verse depends for its merit upon subtle violations of a norm—but this is not a subtle violation; it is a brutal outrage. We have observed that this particular cacophony in anapaests is eminently diagnostic of a defective ear in poets. We cannot stop to search for the reason, nor are we confident that we could find it, why this particular discord should be less allowable than others, but that it is so the practice of good poets proves. And, in the name of Robinson Ellis, who found—was it twelve?—false quantities in the first line of "Evangeline," what kind of an hexameter is this?—

"Auroral pulsations thrilled faintly and striking the
blank heaving surface!"

If there are twelve in the other there must surely be twenty four in that.

Dr. Garnett tells us that Mathilde Blind was an enthusiastic admirer of Mrs. Browning and says of "Aurora Leigh"—"this remarkable poem, over-estimated in its own day, has been unduly disparaged since." We cordially and emphatically agree. Apart from its deep feeling and true poetry "Aurora Leigh" is a marvel of literary tact and cleverness. The way in which all trivialities of daily life, down to the very babble of drawing rooms, are handled without ever verging on bathos or absurdity is a way which Mathilde Blind may have admired but certainly did not learn.

"Dead! Good luck to her!" the man's teeth chattered,

Stone still stared he with blank eyes and hard,
Then, his frame with one big sob nigh shattered,
Fled—and cut his throat down in the yard.

Not after this crude fashion was it that Mrs. Browning

wrote of the tragedy of Marian Erle. That "Aurora Leigh" was over-estimated in its own day is a remark which seems to require qualification. One remembers what Fitz Gerald thought of it, and listen to J. R. Lowell—"her muse is a fast young woman with the lavish ornament and somewhat overpowering perfume of the demi-monde." What a monstrous misconception of the frail and spiritual Elizabeth Barrett!

We have seen Mathilde Blind at her worst—let us now see her at her best. Her best lyric is quite worth quoting in full:

"Ah, if you knew how soon and late
My eyes long for a sight of you,
Sometimes in passing by my gate
You'd linger until fall of dew,
If you but knew!

"Ah, if you knew how sick and sore
My life flags for the want of you,
Straightway you'd enter at the door
And clasp my hand between your two,
If you but knew!

"Ah, if you knew how lost and lone
I watch and weep and wait for you
You'd press my hand close to your own
Till love had healed me through and through,
If you but knew!"

If Christina Rossetti had never written neither could this little poem, which has some of the charm of the rondeau without its artificiality, have come into being, but the author has none the less the credit of having written at least one lyric which seems to come straight from her heart and to go straight to ours. We think these small successes in poetry are sometimes due to a sort of happy chance, for, speaking of Miss Blind's poetry as a whole, she was deficient in what Wordsworth prosaically called the accomplishment of verse.

"THE BETTER, THE WORSE."

"Norfolk." By William A. Dutt. With Special Articles on the Bird Life, Botany, Entomology, Geology, Fishing, Shooting, &c., of the County, by the Rev. R. C. Nightingale, H. D. Geldart, Claude Morley, F. W. Harmer, and others. Illustrated by J. A. Symington. London: Dent. 1900. 4s. 6d. net.

WHAT a pity it is that—to reverse two well-known propositions—there should sometimes be "a soul of evil in things good," and that "most rich matters" should not infrequently "point to poor ends"! Here is a work certainly most excellent of its kind and full of very rich matters indeed—to wit, the story, scenery, ornithology, botany, entomology, geology, and so forth, of the county of Norfolk. And yet what is the end to which it points? The spoiling, unfortunately, of all or almost all of these—all more or less, we fear, except the geology, which on the whole perhaps we could best afford to have spoiled. This reflection saddens us for, under the able guidance of the author, we pass in a number of delightful itineraries through the length and breadth of a county which as late as 1884 (so we are told) was so blessed as to be void of pleasure-seekers. Happy days gone by! "Dichosa edad y siglos dichosos!" as our loved Don Quijote exclaims when, sitting with goatherds round the fire, he takes a few acorns from a heap lying ready for the repast and is straightway put in mind of the golden age. With what pleasure up to 1884 when the golden age of the county came to an end (though it must one would think have been deteriorating for some time previously) could we have wandered, first in imagination and then in reality, through "the quaint old-world hamlets of the interior and the quaint fishing villages of the coast," the "closes" of Yarmouth and "the breezy cliffs of Cromer and Sherringham." Heaven shield us from Cromer and Sherringham now and as for Yarmouth since "the masses of London have pronounced it their ideal holiday resort" it has ceased (as in the same circumstances paradise would cease) to be our own ideal. So, too, has Broadland—a more real cessation which has cost us many a pang. "A country of green meadows" (as an old writer calls it)

"and slow lowland streams where a man may lie beside a tuft of willows and dream marvellously." It is too cold to do this in winter or even in the early spring. After that comes the rush and there is no dreaming in Broadland then. No it is before one goes to these places that one "dreams marvellously" about them, dreams that they are lonely and secluded, that they are almost to be discovered and have not yet been made the subjects of guide-books. One goes and the dream goes too—or at least it goes back to 1884.

Why are such good guide-books written nowadays or—to put it paradoxically but clearly—are such books good when they are good? May we not say of a good guide-book to a beautiful county what Diogenes is reported to have said of the good dancing of a certain young man—"the better, the worse"? If we may, then this guide-book to Norfolk is the worst that was ever written. And, of a truth, as we read it we begin to "dream marvellously" of a kind of guide-book written on quite another principle—a guide-book which instead of being the worst by being the best should be the best by being the worst, which instead of bringing people into the county should study to keep them out of it. Such a one might have a map but it should be on lines peculiar to itself. Only the names of totally uninteresting places should be printed legibly or in approximately their right places; all others should be small and illegible, wrongly located and constantly flung over the border into surrounding counties. The letterpress should support the map. Dull and irrelevant, inaccurate always, false upon all occasions of moment, intimidatory, even, where possible, it should produce the impression—or, rather, the conviction—that no place or locality dealt with was in the least degree worth visiting. Especially where the ornithology, botany and entomology were concerned, it should either be reticent or entirely misleading. No strange and discreditable yearnings should be exhibited to have rare species made still rarer, but a few ardent seekers might be enticed by promises into swamps where there were no swallow-tails and where the mosquitos were quite common. A few such pious frauds as this, by producing a great disgust, might aid powerfully in the deterrent effect aimed at, and would therefore be only in apparent opposition to the general principle which we have laid down. They should, however, be employed very sparingly. Our guide-book in fact (for we think of writing such a one ourselves and it shall be for our own county) would be meant to misguide and would be in all things the reverse of the (in its own way) very excellent one before us. But to dream that our hint will ever be taken and guide-books of this sort produced, were to "dream marvellously" indeed.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S LATEST, AND OTHERS.

"Eleanor." By Mrs. Humphry Ward. London: Smith, Elder. 1900. 6s.

FROM one point of view it sounds absurd to say that Mrs. Humphry Ward has mistaken her vocation. She commands an eager public on both sides of the Atlantic; a press whose complaisance almost suggests insincerity; and by consequence large pecuniary returns. In this rough-and-tumble world money is a measure of success which it is difficult to gainsay. Yet our opinion is unshaken that Mrs. Humphry Ward's natural and acquired gifts are not those of the novelist. She is a born controversialist, a pamphleteer, a theologian, a politician, anything you like but a novelist. In "Eleanor," as in her other novels, as in "Robert Elsmere" and "Helbeck of Bannisdale," the clever and interesting things are to be found, not in her analysis of love, or her dramatic incidents, or her descriptions of scenery, but in the shrewd and aphoristic comments passed by her puppets upon the particular controversy, religious or political, round which she has chosen to arrange her story. In "Eleanor" the controversy is the politico-religious struggle between clerical and anti-clerical Italy. The hero is the type familiar to Mrs. Humphry Ward's readers, the rude and concealed egoist, absorbed in some public dispute, into which he draws women, to one of whom he finally throws his handker-

chief. Manisty has resigned his post in a Radical Government and come to Rome, where he throws himself passionately and paradoxically into the quarrel between Blacks and Whites on the side of the Vatican. It is just after the Abyssinian fiasco, and Manisty is on the eve of publishing a picturesque apology for the Pope and a furious indictment of the Italian Government. In the preparation of his book Manisty has received the assistance of Eleanor Burgoyne, his widowed cousin, whom he almost kills by overwork and excitement, and whom he allows to fall deeply in love with him. At this moment two figures appear upon the scene, a raw and pretty American girl, and a Cambridge don. The Puritan maiden comes as a guest to Manisty's villa near Rome. The Cambridge don, Manisty's old tutor, looks through the proofs of the book, and being both a scholar and a churchman points out its absurdities and inaccuracies. Manisty is conceited enough to be paradoxical, but not conceited enough to be self-confident—a common character. He devotes his book to perdition, and turns against Eleanor Burgoyne, whose indiscriminating admiration has all but let him in for an egregious "gaffe." In his soreness he makes love to "sweet seventeen." Eleanor, playing for her last stake, works upon the feelings of the young girl, by avowing that her life depends upon Manisty's love, and the two women fly from the villa and hide themselves in a ruined convent near Orvieto. Here Eleanor is smitten by remorse, and confesses herself to an unfrocked German priest, who preaches renunciation of self and the death that is life. Manisty of course finds them after weary weeks, and the dying Eleanor brings about his engagement to the young American. Such is the story, whose reading was to us both wearisome and painful. If Mrs. Humphry Ward meant us not only to see but to feel the heat and boredom of those endless days at the villa and the convent, she has succeeded. Manisty is perfectly unattractive, even repellent. The analysis of Eleanor's passion and remorse is morbidly and tediously minute; and there is one passage, where she shows her shoulder-bones to Lucy, which fairly made us shudder. Some sort of dramatic or "creepy" incident Mrs. Ward seems to have felt must be inserted somewhere, if only to keep us awake in the verandah at Marinata; and accordingly we have the gratuitous intrusion of Manisty's mad sister, who tries to murder the American girl in the night. For those who have not read "Jane Eyre" the scene may serve: to us it seemed merely an ugly "purple patch." But, as we began by saying, the book contains some very clever sayings about the struggle between Pope and people. Here are some of them. "Italy will win! Manisty first of all takes the thing too tragically. He doesn't see the farce of it. We do. We Italians understand each other. We are half acting all the time. The Clericals must have their politics like other people—only they call it religion." And this. "It is the same with all you Anglo-Saxons. The North will never understand the South—never! You can't understand our *à peu près*. You think Catholicism is a tyranny—and we must either let the priests oppress us, or throw everything overboard. But it is nothing of the kind. We take what we want of it, and leave the rest." And, on the other side, this. "Somehow or other you must get conduct out of the masses, or society goes to pieces. But you can only do this through religion. What folly, then, for nations like France and Italy to quarrel with the only organisation which can ever get conduct out of the ignorant!"

"Sons of the Morning." By Eden Phillpotts. London: Methuen. 1900. 6s.

It is lamentable that the air of Dartmoor should be fatal to Mr. Phillpotts' gaiety. The "Sons of the Morning" were two young men who used to get up early and admire the view. They loved the same woman, and she could not be happy with either unless the other was in reserve. She was a well-conducted person, like Thackeray's Charlotte, and apparently did not much mind which she married, provided she had the other to talk to. The whole thing rather reminds one of "On ne badine pas avec l'amour," for the protagonists walk

through their parts before a critical chorus of rustics. The climax of the book comes when an old blind uncle soliloquises and reveals a horrible suspicion to his niece, whom he imagined far away. It is difficult to say why the novel should excite a vein of unholy frivolity in a reviewer, for it is a very careful study of emotions, the characters are well drawn, and it has really something of the tragic mood. But it is all rather mechanical. Mr. Phillpotts has laboured hard to steep his story in the atmosphere of Dartmoor, but in effect he has let his undoubted gift for describing scenery upset the balance. Almost every chapter opens with a landscape, and though the landscapes are very well done, the story drags. It would be easy to approach enthusiasm over the novel, for if one set out to praise, one could find much that deserved it. If one tries to be dispassionate, the judgment must be that the "Sons of the Morning" is very nearly a success.

"A Woman's Soul." By Beatrice Heron-Maxwell and Florence Eastwick. London: Horace Marshall. 1900. 6s.

"Soul," we should have said, was the thing chiefly lacking in Daphne, the "woman" of this shallow story. She is accredited by her friends and admirers with brain and heart above the average. The reader alone is not allowed to detect either. She is both conventional and impossible. So is the plot.

"Men of Marlowe's." By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. London: John Long. 1900. 6s.

These stories are vividly told, and indicate very pleasantly the "bon camaraderie" existing between the occupants of the Inn of Court known as "Marlowe's." "Jimmy" and the "Set of Seven" rise to heights of excellence. A volume like this is always welcome.

"Philip Winwood." By Robert Neilson Stephens. London: Chatto and Windus. 1900. 6s.

Diffuse and sometimes laboured in the telling, this sketch of the domestic history of an American captain in the War of Independence loses thereby somewhat in human interest; but the characters are well drawn and natural.

"The Man-Trap." By Sir William Magnay, Bart. London: Smith, Elder. 1900. 6s.

Over all the pages of this novel hangs the comfortable assurance of a happy ending! There is no need to furtively glance at the last chapter, for such a sterling hero, such a melodramatic villain, and such a maligned, angelic heroine, are bound to get their conventional deserts. This book would dramatise effectively.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Greek History." By Professor Heinrich Swoboda. Temple Cyclopædic Primers. London: Dent. 1900. 1s. net.

The new volume of the Temple Primers is a translation by Mr. Lionel D. Barnett of a work written for German students by a scholar of great reputation but equally well adapted for the English student who seeks in compendious form to grasp the whole scheme of Greek history either as preliminary to detailed study or as a retrospect after immersion in the immense mass of detail. And yet though it is a masterly example of that compression which can only be achieved by the master of a subject the whole narrative is sufficiently lucid and flowing for the reading of those who though not students care sufficiently about knowing the main outlines of Greek history to undertake a little trouble. An especially valuable feature is the seven pages epitomising Greek history from 146 B.C. to the present day. We come across a passage on page 28 which we think worth quoting as bearing on the vexed question of the value of different forms of government on the welfare of the poorer classes. Professor Swoboda is speaking of the "Tyrants" who arose out of the struggles in the democratic States. "Most of the tyrants were highly cultured men and exercised their sovereignty to the benefit of the people. They showed an especially active interest in the welfare of the lower orders. The town population was employed on works of general utility, as the construction of temples and public buildings, the laying out of streets and canals. Their furtherance of

(Continued on page 594.)

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the arts went hand in hand with their patronage of poetry, of which the most eminent representatives were drawn by the tyrants to their sides. Earnest attention was given likewise to forms of worship and religious festivals especially to those of which the lower orders had hitherto been the supporters; these were raised to the rank of State worship. The internal development of the State was displayed in the growth of their spheres of sovereignty by foundation of colonies and acquisition of transmarine possessions. The Tyrannis was an inevitable preliminary to subsequent development: its lasting merit is the freedom it conferred upon the peasant and artisan classes." Here we have a suggestion of the similar misconception which has so foolishly led to the glorification of Brutus and the other republican assassins, and the condemnation of Caesar who would have established a "Tyrannis" in the sense above described by Prof. Swoboda.

"The Witchery of Books." By John F. Crump. London: Simpkin, Marshall. 1900.

This is a readable little volume though it belongs to the "books about books." Mr. Crump has evidently taken pleasure in his task and what he has done should in popular circles be productive of pleasure in others. But one who essays to set gems, literary or other, should take care that he does not mar the thing set. Mr. Crump is careless in the spelling of proper names. The commoner mistakes comprise the following:—"George Elliot," "Carlisle," "Sir Thomas Brown," and "Malebrauche." On p. 90 Sir William Waller the Parliamentary General who was born in 1597 is referred to as "writing in the sixteenth century" about his library. On pp. 226-7 the quotation from the "Divine Meditations" is continued (without by the way the nicest regard for the original text) and attributed to "Sir Richard Waller who wrote in the seventeenth century."

"Book Prices Current." Vol. XIV. London: Elliot Stock. 1900.

"Contents—Subjects. Index." London: Elliot Stock. 1900.

Of these two works the first is so well known to all who are interested in books that it needs only to be said that the present volume is as valuable as its predecessors, notwithstanding that the period it covers has been seriously affected by the war. Some owners of libraries who are anxious to sell have been chary of submitting their books to the market at such a time. Of the second volume it may be said that it represents a vast amount of work and will be prized by students of current literature. It is not however quite as complete as it might be made even on the lines laid down. For instance there is no mention in it of two articles which have appeared in the "Fortnightly" in the last year or two on Lord Rosebery and Mr. John Morley. If the omission is intentional we cannot understand the principle on which the compilers work. Whatever its limitations, however, the book will be a boon to all who have to prepare topical essays.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

Johannisfeuer. Schauspiel in vier Akten. By Hermann Sudermann. Stuttgart. 1900.

Sudermann has produced a play which is frankly Pagan for three acts and three-quarters, and unconvincingly conventional at the end of the fourth act. His German critics are telling him that he has spoiled a good novel in order to write a bad play, and it is certainly true that if he had given to this middle-class Midsummer-Night's realism the same care in delineation and description which he lavished on his beautiful romance "Frau Sorge," the reader would not be left in a state of chill surprise at the fall of the curtain. Sudermann is a master of the technique of stagecraft, and would appear to have sacrificed to it in this instance the broad effects of character and brilliant dramatic conflicts which are the soul of a successful play. In one respect, indeed, the drama may be said to move like the chapters of a novel, since the author has availed himself of the tempting, but very undramatic, device of letting his persons show one another to the door whenever they wish to keep the stage to themselves. A serious wrong is consummated in the course of the action, but, owing to this manipulation of the actors, the injured and the injuring parties never once meet. Yet every instinct of sound drama cries aloud for what Aristotle called discovery.

The plot of the piece is very simple. Vogelreuter is a farmer in Prussian Lithuania. He and his wife have an only child, a daughter, Trude, but the little household has included since the year of the great famine, 1867, two adopted children besides. The one is Georg von Hartwig, Vogelreuter's nephew, whose father committed suicide, when Georg was a little boy, as a way of escape from creditors. Vogelreuter paid the debts, comforted the widow while she lived, and treated Georg ever after, so far as can be gathered, with real fatherly affection. Twice, however, he reminds his nephew

of the obligation under which he rests—once before the curtain rises, when the uncle was armed with a horsewhip and the nephew seized a carving-knife; and once in the course of the present action, when a discussion arises about the dowry of Trude to whom her cousin is affianced. The second child whom the farmer and his wife have adopted is Marikke, commonly called Heimchen, a term of endearment signifying cricket on the hearth. She is the daughter of a drunken and thieving peasant-woman, from whom the Vogelreuters charitably bought and rescued her in the same year of agricultural distress. Here, then, we have the two girls and a man who are the ingredients of tragedy. Trude is a good romantic little maiden, honestly in love with her Georg. Her fine Georg was at one time in love with Heimchen, who works off her morbid sense of debt to her adopted parent's by an exaggerated daughterly devotion; and both she and Georg are obviously liable to an attack of revolt from the orderly conventions of their upbringing. As the daughter of a thief and drunkard, and the son of a bankrupt suicide, they are the victims of what may be called hereditary law-breaking.

Their opportunity comes on a certain midsummer night, when the St. John's Eve fires (Johannisfeuer) are kindled on the surrounding hills. They, too, will have their St. John's fire of the heart; and, being left alone at the end of the third act, the following dialogue takes place: "Georg. Heimchen, my darling, my all (kisses her). Marikke. Ah, kiss me again! You know who I am; you know, I have nothing to lose. I can do as I like. To-night is St. John's Eve. Georg. The fires have burned down. Marikke. No, I tell you, they are blazing. Georg. Yes, let them blaze. A thousand times, yes, yes! Marikke. Not you, not you! Don't you kiss me! I will kiss you. I will take everything on me. My mother steals. Let me steal too . . . Georg. I!" And on that the curtain descends. Nevertheless, von Hartwig marries his cousin, and Marikke departs somewhat vaguely for Berlin. It is not a satisfactory play, and the one would-be great speech where Georg raises a paean to the "spark of heathendom in every man's breast," though admirably written, is what the Continent calls feuilletonistic.

Dreissig Jahre Deutscher Verfassungsgeschichte, 1867-1897. By Paul Kloeppel. Vol. I. 1867-1877. Leipsic: Veit and Co.; London: D. Nutt. 1900.

Dr. Kloeppel takes Guizot's maxim as his motto: "Nothing is so unknown as the history of the day before yesterday;" and, in writing this account of the last thirty years of German constitutional history, he claims the qualification of having stood near enough to public events in Prussia and the Empire to comprehend them by independent observation, but yet not too near for personal considerations to overrule the impartiality which he derives from twenty years' retirement. The motive and the attitude both strike us as good, and his previous works on "State and Society" (Gotha, 1887) and "Law and Supremacy" (Leipsic, 1891) prepare us not to be disappointed by this more ambitious study in political science and practice. The present volume of the work, which is presumably to be complete in three, is divided into two books. The first deals with the four full years, 1867-1871, in which the German Empire was founded, while the second discusses in a series of nine chapters the period of labour, 1871-1877, concluding with the ominous gathering of the clouds when Bismarck started on his career of economic legislation. The conflict between the Roman Catholic Church and the State, which affects so materially the relative strength of parties in the present Imperial Diet, is likewise included in this book. Dr. Kloeppel's method throughout is that of an impartial historian, and his work will supply a real gap in modern historical literature.

Studien zur Englischen Philologie. Edited by Lorenz Morsbach. Vol. V.: Ueber Wortbildung bei Carlyle. By Dr. Otto Schmeling; Vol. VI.: The Devil and the Vice in the English Dramatic Literature before Shakespeare. By L. W. Cushman, Professor of English in the Nevada State University. Halle: Niemeyer; London: D. Nutt. 1900.

These two volumes belong to the same valuable library of "Studies in English Literature" in which Professor Morsbach was fortunate enough to include the brilliant monograph on William Taylor of Norwich by Dr. Herzfeld of Berlin. It will be noted that Volume VI. is written and published in English—an eloquent testimony to the extent and thoroughness with which German scholars read and understand our language. The compliment is due in this instance to the splendour of our literary treasures; in other ranks of life it is an acknowledgment of the importance of English in commerce; but, whatever its cause, it reflects infinite credit on the enterprise and talent of the Fatherland. Dr. Schmeling's contribution to the study of Carlyle is a work of extreme interest which cannot adequately be appreciated in a short review. In brief, it may be said to aim at bringing together, and cataloguing under general rules, the neologisms in word-formation and the departures from established usage which are so large a part of the characteristic style of Carlyle. Thus, his substantives, for

example, are grouped by this unwearying grammarian under the following heads: I. Substantives formed with suffixes: i. Abstract suffixes: A. of Germanic origin, (a) -dom, (β) -hood, (γ) -ness, (δ) -ship. B. of Romantic origin, (a) -ad, (β) -ade, (γ) -age, (δ) -ance, -ence, -ancy, -ency, . . . (μ) -ure. ii. Personal suffixes: A. of German origin, (a) -er, (β) -ster. B. of Romantic origin, (a) -ee . . . (ε) -or. iii. Diminutive suffixes, with their A, (a), (β) and their B, (a), (β), concluding with II. Substantives otherwise formed. A similar method is pursued through the adjectives, adverbs, verbs, and expressions of negation, which are remorselessly tracked through their Protean variations with un-, in-, non-, no-, not-, dis-, mis-, and -less. It will be seen that the work to which we have given but the most meagre clue or guide, is a remarkably meticulous study of the language of Carlyle; and to those who examine it in detail, it will add considerably to the delights of reading that original author. The truth is that, as Thackeray discovered long ago, in reviewing the "French Revolution" for the "Times" (3 August, 1837), his prose "is prose run mad—no doubt of it—according to our notions of the sober gait and avocations of homely prose; but is there not method in it, and could sober prose have described the incident [the storming of the Bastille] in briefer words, more emphatically, or more sensibly?" And in another part of the same review, which remains after sixty-three years a landmark in the criticism of Carlyle, Thackeray wrote: "A man at the first onset must take breath at the end of a sentence, or, worse still, go to sleep in the midst of it. But these hardships become lighter as the traveller grows accustomed to the road, and he speedily learns to admire and sympathise; just as he would admire a Gothic cathedral in spite of the quaint carvings and hideous images in door and buttress." Toward this sympathetic admiration Dr. Schmeling's patient labours will very materially contribute.

The sixth volume in Professor Morsbach's series bears the marks of the German school for students of English literature over which Professor Alois Brandl presides so efficiently in Berlin. Mr. Cushman states that he has been led to a new view of the relations between the devil and Vice on and off the stage: "it is, in brief, as follows: the appearance of the devil in the non-dramatic as well as in the dramatic literature is limited to a definite range; as a dramatic figure the devil falls more and more into the background, the Vice is distinct in origin and function from the devil and from the clown." There are times in a busy life when one wishes one could retire to Heidelberg or Göttingen, and spend the remnant of one's days in discussing these vital problems over a foaming *Seidel* of beer; they never seem so fascinating as in the severe pages without meretricious adornment in which our friends, the German professors, give their leisurely studies to the world. We earnestly trust in this instance that the world will not be ungrateful; as the book is written and printed in English, it should have a greater claim on the readers whom we address.

We take this opportunity of acknowledging the *Gartenlaube-Kalender*, 1901 (Leipzig: Keils; London: D. Nutt). Its features are familiar in Germany, where it deservedly forms part of the regular literature of Christmas. The present annual volume contains the usual information on the calendars, eclipses, festivals, royal birthdays, movements of the planets, genealogy, thermometry, statistics of the German Empire, postal tariffs, and so forth. The "extra pages," to use Mr. Punch's designation, include original poems, stories and illustrations, a useful article on "First Aid in Sudden Illness," and—pp. 165 to 206—a review of 1900, with a brief but sympathetic account of the Boer War. We cordially commend this family annual to its old and to fresh subscribers.

The November number of the *Deutsche Rundschau* (Berlin: Paetel) contains a paper on Treitschke's "Politics" by the great historian's successor in the chair of modern history at Berlin, Professor Curtius. Dr. Ephraim Emerton, of Harvard, contributes an instructive account of secondary education in America; the first three instalments are published of the diaries kept in 1867 by Bernhardt, who was sent to Florence nominally as the military attaché for Prussia, in reality to supplement Count Usedom's information on the political condition of Italy; and Herr von Brandt, the inexhaustible publicist, writes about "South and East." The "South," by the way, is South Africa, where Herr von Brandt seems not to be sorry that the British standard is now fixed.

The *Nation*, we note, in its issue for the week ending on 3 November, espouses with characteristic vigour the cause of Finland against Russia in an article signed "Justus;" and, when we have mentioned the paper on "English Novels" by Max Meyerfeld in the fortnightly *Litterarisches Echo*, we shall have paid our acknowledgment to that portion of the German periodical press which has come under our notice this month with the exception of the *Neue Deutsche Rundschau* (Berlin: Fischer; November), in which with the utmost goodwill we can discover no feature of mark.

For This Week's Books see page 596.

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And baby's—all guileless try;
But, by a—combining both,
—forth a very naughty oath.

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—his pride the Second James
Sets forth upon the—Thames:
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SANTIAGO NITRATE.

GOOD RESULTS FROM THE PAST YEAR'S WORKING.
A DIVIDEND OF 16 PER CENT. FOR THE YEAR.

THE First annual Ordinary General Meeting of the Santiago Nitrate Company, Limited, was held at Winchester House, E.C., under the presidency of Mr. Henry W. Lowe (chairman of the company).

The Secretary (Mr. F. M. Frames) having read the notice convening the meeting,

The Chairman said: We have now the pleasure of submitting to you our report, together with the statement of accounts for the first year of our working, ended June 30 last. As this is our first annual meeting, I may be allowed to remind you that this company was formed for the purpose of acquiring the business and properties of the Compania Salitrera La Santiago, with its 235 estancias of nitrate grounds, with its oficina and a maquina of recent construction, the whole of it in active working order, and thoroughly equipped. Our first year's working has shown satisfactory results. In the first half we had to go through a period of great depression in prices; but, notwithstanding that, we have been able to earn a net-trading profit of £51,772. Deducting from this the amount of our debenture service, £15,000—and those debentures will be paid off in seven years and a half from the present time—also deducting the interim dividend which was paid last July, £12,000, further making a liberal allowance for depreciation of our stocks—that is, our animals, carts, harness, and other perishable things that cannot be of the same value at the end of the year that they were at the beginning—writing off the whole of our preliminary expenses, legal charges, and all those incidentals which form an appreciable item at the commencement of a company's existence, and also writing off the full proportion of the expenses of the debenture issue, we are left with a balance of £23,358. The board recommend from this sum the declaration of a final dividend for the year of 10 per cent., making, with the interim dividend already paid, 16 per cent. for the whole year. We cannot help thinking that for a company beginning in bad times, working under adverse circumstances at the commencement, and loaded up with all the incubus of a company brought into existence, with those sundry expenses which always attach to the formation of every company, that dividend must be satisfactory.

We have taken every possible precaution to see that our affairs should be thoroughly well looked after, and that no advantage should be taken of what I may call our great success to let anything loose occur which may afterwards be to the detriment of the company. Already for this current half-year we have sold the whole of our production at prices which show a very considerable increase on the profits for the corresponding period, namely, the first half-year embraced in the accounts before you. We have also very good prices offering for the production of the next half-year, far in excess of those realised by the sales of the last half-year. Then, again, we look to the further advantages which we may derive from the newly-arrived-at combination. Whatever may occur with that combination, it cannot but tend to steady prices, and with any increased demand it must improve them. An important matter which I want particularly to impress upon you is that, with regard to this company, in which we are all interested, the capital that we have fixed is so small, as compared with that of any other large nitrate-producing company, that the proportion of dividend which we shall be able to pay is far in excess of those which other companies more largely capitalised can possibly pay. That is the whole secret of what I might call the excellence of this company. Companies producing no larger amount than ours, and capitalised, as they are, at twice the amount, must necessarily be only able to pay half the dividend that we are able to pay. Therefore I say that our prospects are exceedingly encouraging; and if I have the pleasure of meeting you, as I hope I may, this time next year, I am quite sure the balance-sheet we shall present to you will be far more favourable than that now presented to you, however advantageous and however excellent that may be. I will now move: "That the report and accounts, as presented, be, and they are hereby, adopted, and that the directors' recommendation to declare a final dividend for the past year at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum be, and is hereby, adopted."

Mr. T. Proctor Bapti, D.L., J.P., in seconding the motion, said that what the chairman had stated regarding the company was sober fact, strange though it might appear in connection with the nitrate industry. In the case of such an industry, which was a legitimate commercial enterprise, adverse conditions might prevail for a time; but by-and-by, if legitimate methods were adhered to, success must in many cases eventuate.

The motion was carried unanimously.

The proceedings then terminated.

THE GRAND CENTRAL MINING COMPANY,
LIMITED.

DIRECTORS

The Hon. A. G. BRAND, M.P.
W. BRODRICK-OLSTE, Esq.

The Marquis D'HAUTPOUL
H. J. OPPENHEIM, Esq.

REPORT

To be submitted to Shareholders at the Ordinary General Meeting, to be held at Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C., on MONDAY, November 12, 1900, at 12.30 o'clock.

The annexed Statement of Accounts, covering the period from September 1, 1899, to August 31, 1900, which the Directors now beg to submit to the Shareholders, shows a net realised profit of £47,347 16s. 2d., to which must be added a sum of £31,258 18s. 3d. carried forward from the previous year, making a total of £78,706 14s. 5d., out of which £16,338 14s. 3d. has been spent on improvements to the property, properly chargeable to Capital Expenditure, but which, following the method adopted in previous years, with the approval of Shareholders, has been written off Revenue Account, leaving a balance of £62,338 0s. 2d.

Out of this sum a dividend of 2s. per Share was paid on December 31, 1899, amounting to £25,000, and £1,225 9s. 2d. for income tax, leaving a balance of £39,112 11s. 10d. carried forward to 1900-1901, as against £31,358 18s. 3d. brought forward from 1893-99.

The development of the mine during the past year has been greatly retarded owing to the failure of the manufacturers to deliver the new air compressor, without which it has been impossible to contend with the difficulties of ventilation and prevailing high temperature in the lower workings.

Due to this fact but little prospecting and exploratory work has been possible, and, in consequence, the mill has overtaken the ore reserves, which now stand at about 42,000 tons.

The plan of the mine in the prospectus shows the present position.

The Directors have had an opportunity this summer of conferring with the Manager, Mr. Bert Peterson; and now that the air compressor has been erected

and is at work, a policy of active development work upon the whole of the property has been begun, in accordance with his advice, and it is hoped that the requirements of the mill will be met without trenching further upon the available reserves of ore. The Directors have not thought it prudent to make any distribution of the profits of the mine since January 1, and there is, therefore, as will be seen from the Balance Sheet, a substantial sum of cash in hand to pay for development work.

The reduction plant for the treatment of tailings has now been in operation for five months. Experiments, change of treatment, &c., have considerably delayed the profit expected from its working; but your Directors are pleased to report that over 8,000 tons a month are now being treated out of the 9,000 for which the plant was designed, showing a recovery for the month of September of £37,582 36, at a cost of £21,436 24.

There has been no change in the Directorate or Management since the last report. The Marquis d'Hautpoul, who retires in accordance with the provisions of the Articles of Association, being eligible, offers himself for re-election.

The Auditors (Messrs. Deloitte, Dever, Griffiths and Co.), being eligible, offer themselves for reappointment.

ARTHUR G. BRAND, - } Directors
Marquis D'HAUTOUL. }

J. H. M. SHAW, Secretary.

11 Cornhill, London, E.C. : November 3, 1900.

BALANCE SHEET, August 31, 1900.

Dr.		On.
To Capital authorised ..	£300,000 0 0	By Property in Mexico, as per last Account .. £248,765 13 7
Capital issued—		Stores on hand ... 18,597 3 3
250,000 shares of £1 each ... £250,000 0 0		Prieta Water Power Investment at cost ... 3,000 0 0
Creditors in Mexico and England ... 6,231 18 8		Bullion in transit ... 7,488 13 2
Unclaimed Dividends ... 22 4 8		Debtors in Mexico ... 541 7 5
Balance of Appropriation Account ... 39,112 11 0		Cash at Mine and at Bankers' in America £10,903 8 7
		Cash in London ... 7,123 8 4
		18,026 16 11
	£392,359 14 4	

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT, September 1, 1899, to August 31, 1900.

Dr.		Cr.
To Working Expenses	\$13,166 1 3	By Bullion recovered
Directors' Fees	1,100 0 0	Discount and Exchange
Agency Fees, Telegrams, Cables, Postages, Legals, Travelling, and General Expenses	1,643 14 7	Interest
Balance carried to Appropriation Account	47,347 18 2	
	<u>\$142,597 12 0</u>	
		<u>\$142,597 12 0</u>

APPROPRIATION ACCOUNT.

Dr.		Cr.	
To Dividend No. 8, of 2s. per Share, paid December 31, 1859 ...	£25,000 0 0	By Balance of Profit brought forward from August 31, 1859 ...	£31,338 18 3
Expenditure on Machinery, Additions, &c. ...	£17,338 14 3	Balance of Profit and Loss Account ...	£7,317 16 2
Less—Sale of Aqua Nuova Wells, the cost of which having been previously written off ...	1,000 0 0		
Income tax ...	1,925 9 2		
Balance carried to Balance Sheet ...	36,112 11 0		
	£78,706 14 5		£78,706 14 5

ARTHUR G. BRAND, } Directors
Marquis D'HAUTPOUL, }
J. H. M. SHAW, Secretary.

In accordance with Article 141, we beg to report that we have examined and vouched the transactions of the Company in London, and have seen that the above Accounts are in accordance with the books of the Company in London and with the statements received from the Mine. These statements are not, however, audited, but they are signed by the Superintendent and Accountant.

4 Lothbury, London, E.C.: November 1, 1903

DELOITTE, DEVER, GRIFFITHS and CO., } Auditors.
Chartered Accountants.

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